

THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

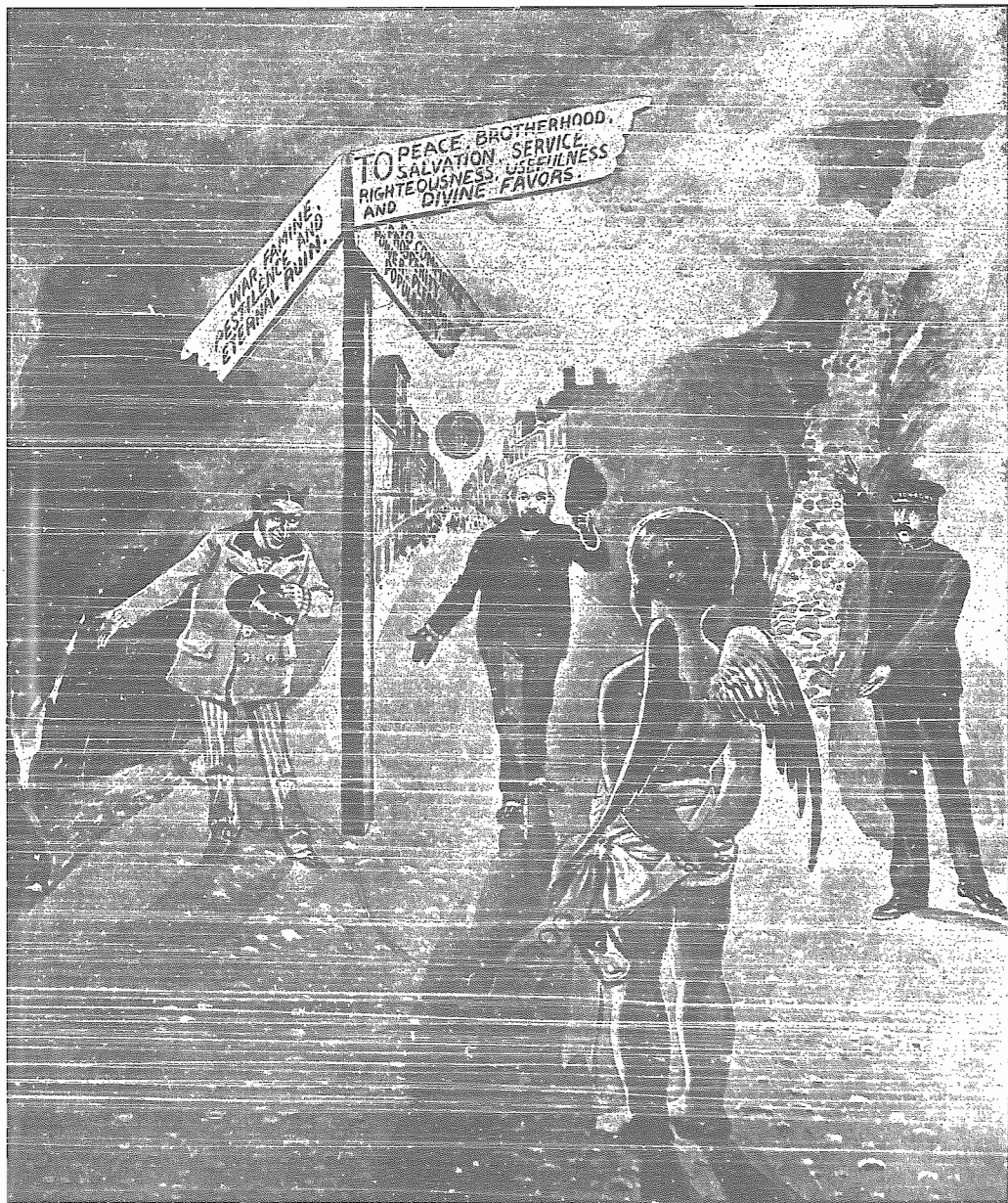
16th Year, No. 13.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 30, 1899,

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commander.

Price, 5 Cents.



WHICH WAY?

(See article on page 2.)

WHICH WAY?

(To our frontispiece.)

TIME: 12 p.m., Dec. 31st, 1890.

PLACE: The Earth.

YOUNG NINETEENHUNDRED.—
Hem! There are three roads I can
take; which way shall I go?

BEEL ZEBUB.—This way, sir! Take
the down-grade. 'Tis the toboggan
slide youngsters enjoy most. It is
great fun; very exhilarating, and
swift travel. My road is the short
cut to the cure of all evils. The popu-
lation of the earth is getting too great,
and war has been for centuries the
best means to decimate mankind.
There is glory in war. Hardly any-
thing else is considered worth while
recording by historians. War gives
excellent opportunity for the display
of heroism, dash, and brilliancy. Then
there is Famine! It sounds rather
undignified, but, after war, it is the
best way to prevent overcrowding in
a densely-populated country like India.
The poor Hindoos lead only dogs' lives
at the best, and a few million less will
make it better for the rest. Then I
have a choice assortment of plagues;
the Bubonic is quite fashionable now,
and is an excellent means of keeping
the growth of uncivilized countries
within safe limits. After all, the
plague is only nature's retribution to
those nations who prefer unsanitary
conditions of life. I strongly advise
you to travel on my road.
Your predecessor, Mr. Eighteenhun-
dredandninetynine, has travelled over
a considerable portion of it.

MR. MAMMON.—I know that you
don't consider the down-grade very
desirable. Civilization does not ap-
prove of the short cuts. My road is
much more pleasant. Nothing like
the golden middle between extremes.
Take the level road, which is well
paved and patronized by the millions.
You will find in this way few risks,
but many chances for solid success,
honor, comfort, enjoyment, and happi-
ness. "Eat, drink, and be merry," is
our motto.

YOUNG NINETEENHUNDRED.—
But I can't see the end of it.

MAMMON.—Oh, the end! Never
mind the end! It goes down in easy
stages and joins the dangerous short
cut of Beel Zebub's at the bottom.

THE SALVATION ARMY.—No.
don't heed those two. Those two
roads are leading to darkness and des-
pair. This is the way that leads to
light. It is the way God wants you
to take. There is no promise of
wealth, or glory, or fame, or ease
given, but it is promised that all needs
shall be supplied. It is not a wide,
nor an easy path; therefore, not popu-
lar. Cowards soon tire in it and
turn back, but even the weakest can
walk it by faith. It is an up-grade, and
you must climb, but it is a straight
path and the light increases as you
advance. You will meet with mis-
understanding, scoffing, suffering, etc.,
but you will have for your constant
companions Peace, There is a war to
wage as you travel in this path, but it
is the battle of Heaven against Hell.
Under the blood-red banner of the
Cross there is no defeat, for the Christ-
ian armor is invulnerable. This is the
way you ought to take.

CHORUS OF SALVATIONISTS.—

"We'll fight, we'll fight, we'll fight the
battle through,
Our pathway's clear,
And let this year
Be the best we ever knew."

Solomon's Proverbs
FOR THE NEW YEAR

- A—word duly spoken is like apples of
gold in pitchers of silver.—xxv.
11.
- H—onor the Lord with thy substance,
and with the first fruits of all
thine increase.—iii. 9.
- A—wise man will hear and will in-
crease in learning, and a man
with understanding will attain
unto wise counsels.—i. 5.
- P—ut away from thee a froward
mouth, and perverse lips put
far from thee.—iv. 24.
- P—onder the path of thy feet, and let
all thy ways be established.—iv.
26.
- Y—ea, my reins shall rejoice when
thy lips speak right things.—xxiii.
16.
- N—ow, therefore, hearken unto me, O
ye children, for blessed are they
that keep my ways.—viii. 33.
- E—asy not thou the oppressor, and
choose none of his ways.—iii. 31
- W—isdom is the principal thing, there-
fore get wisdom, and with all
thy getting, get understanding.—
iv. 7.
- Y—et a little sleep, a little slumber, a
little folding of the hands to
sleep, so shall thy poverty come
as one that travelleth.—vi. 10, 11.
- E—nter not into the paths of the wicked,
and go not in the way of evil
men.—i. 14.
- A—soft answer turneth away wrath,
but grievous words stir up anger.
—x. 1.
- R—eprove not a scorner, lest he hate
thee; rebuke a wise man and he
will love thee.—ix. 8.

T. H. C.

BADGES AND THEIR TALES

By ENSIGN JENNIE CRAWFORD.

There was nothing striking about this
still figure lying in the coffin. Just
a young soldier-boy, who had bravely stood
at her post through months of weakness
and persecution. Very plain the coffin
and shroud, but upon the lifeless breast
was pinned an old-fashioned maple-leaf
badge. I looked upon it as I stood there
and my whole soul was touched. I
knew what it meant—a life lived as a
true soldier, blameless before God, shin-
ing before the world, bringing light and
peace wherever that girlish form had
gone—and there, that Christmas eve,
was implanted in my soul a deeper de-
termination, a stronger desire to be all
for God. The inspiration received there
has not left me in the flight of years,
and is still before me amidst the per-
plexities of an officer's life, making me
seek to live so that I will be found
worthy of having an Army badge pinned
upon my lifeless breast, and, better still,
to secure me an Army welcome into the
Home above.

Another lifeless form—this time a
strong man in the prime of life. Friends
are performing the last offices for the
body as it lies before them. The best
suit is brought out, and while looking in
the pockets a little parcel is found, care-
fully wrapped and tied. Someone opens
it, and there lies, bright and shining,
another old-fashioned Army badge; but
how different the circumstances! Sadly
it is wrapped up again, carefully laid

aside, while tears flow from the eyes of
friends standing by.

Then the story is told; that badge
was carried by a poor backslider in the
continual hope that some time, at some
meeting, his heart would again be given
to God, and he would have the right
again to wear the badge, so carefully
kept and always carried in his pocket.
But the last meeting was attended, the
last warning given, the last invitation
unheeded, and his soul went out into the
darkness of eternal night unworthy of
having an Army badge pinned upon his
lifeless breast.

And this Christmas time my mind
wanders away to those other badges,
once proudly worn by Blood-washed
souls, now laid aside; always kept, and
the remembrance of them still bringing
an aching heart as the years roll on.
Their sight brings the wish that they had
gone to heaven when the heart was
clean, and the life was right, and they
were worthy to wear, even in death, an
Army badge.

But, listen! A short time ago an
Army lassie sang a song in the open-air
it went like this—

"I cannot leave the dear old Flag,
'Twere better far to die."

A poor backslider, who for years had
gone about with heart untouched, came
near. He heard the song. God's Spirit
took it home. He lived again his happy
soldier days, and the remembrance
brought remorse, then conviction, and
to-day he stands in his old place, saved
by the Blood, and very glad to be home
again.

Will you let this Christmas season,
with its blessed memories, see you com-
ing home again, standing 'neath the dear
old Flag, and rejoicing in the Christ at
Bethlehem?

JESUS ONLY.

The late Rev. Henry Reed, of England,
has left to the Christian people a very
precious testimony. Finding that he was
about to pass away he called for
pen, ink, and paper, and calmly and de-
liberately inscribed the following state-
ment of his experience:—"After all I
have said, preached, and written, for
upwards of forty-five years, I wish it to
be distinctly understood that the ground
of the hope that is in me (which hope is
full of immortality and eternal glory) is
not 'repentance unto God,' although it
is written, 'except ye repent, ye shall all
likewise perish.' Nor is it faith, al-
though it is written, 'without faith it is
impossible to please God.' Nor is it in
becoming a new creature, although it is
written, 'Except a man be born again he
cannot see the kingdom of God.' Nor is
it holiness, although it is written,
'Without holiness no man shall see the
Lord.' They are indeed great and glorious
gifts, all purchased by Blood Divine,
for which I adorn and praise a trine
God. Still, none of them atoned for my
sins. Repentance did not die for me;
faith did not die for me; the new
creature did not die for me; holiness did
not die for me. My confidence is not in
the gifts, but in the Giver—the eternal
Son of God, Who took my nature, and in
that nature, as my substitute, atoned for
my sins. On His finished work alone
does my soul rely for pardon, holiness,
and heaven; and He only is made unto
me wisdom, righteousness, and sanctifica-
tion, and redemption. Yes, this is the
secret of a life of rest, and power—a com-
plete abandonment of all we have and
are, and can do, to Him for time and
for eternity.

Australasia
RevisitedOR,
THE UPS AND DOWNS OF COM-
MISSIONER POLLARD.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Forecast and Some Conclusions.

We have nearly traversed our al-
lotted ground, and surveyed a field of
Social and Spiritual operation which
we again commend to the study of the
Salvation Army abroad.

The world should be proud of the
Australian Salvationist. Largely de-
prived of those influences which lead
to the cultivation of the higher qual-
ities of spiritual fervor and energy, he
has become, nevertheless, under the
guidance of able leaders, sound train-
ing, and a series of splendid enter-
prises, a devoted, self-sacrificing and
determined follower of Jesus Christ.

He may not manifest the same re-
luctance to fall into time with all the out-
ward courtesies of the military form
of our system, say, like the Scandinav-
ian or the German; but, if he lacks
in this, he has far more enduring gifts.
The Australian Salvationist is a work-
er. Neither narrow, like our pre-
judiced, he is proud of the world-wide
mission of the Army; untrammeled,
as he is, with ecclesiastical traditions,
his red gurnsey is as sacred to him
as the crucifix is to the Catholic;
while, in his conduct, he embodies the
central truths by which he believes
the world will be subjugated to the
government of God. The ritual cere-
mony of the Army is essentially Cal-
vinistic; it is free, easy, and uncon-
ventional, and suits his temperment,
mobility, and love of change. The
Australian Salvationist is religious,
and everything that he does is marked
by sincerity, wholeheartedness, and
an ambition to excel.

These are the conclusions arrived at
by Commissioner Pollard, after a long
stay in the Colonies and occasional
visits, and he attributes the gigantic
program which the Commandant is
now engaged in working out to the
fact that he (the Commandant) feels
that he is relying upon men and wo-
men who will be there when wanted.

The program is colossal. It is said
that some think it is perilous to be
in countries, and others in continents.
Commandant Herbert Booth is a man
of the latter class of mind. In his
Social year, which is drawing to a
close, his plan has been to finish it
with a visit to the Colonies, another
Small Boys' Home, an Inebriates'
Home, and two Girls' Homes. In New
South Wales he is enlarging the
Rescue Home accommodation and Wo-
men's Shelter, and instituting a Food
and Shelter Depot in the Industrial
hive of Newcastle. In South Australia
a new Prison Gate Home is being
furnished and fitted up, Boys' and
Girls' Reformatory work being started,
and a new Prison Gate Home in
operations. In West Australia the
Colley Estate is being developed. Re-
formatory Homes for boys and girls
will be started, as well as a Labor
Colony, Prison Gate Work, and a Food
and Shelter Depot. In New Zealand
the latest news is that premises have
been secured for the opening of a
Shelter for Women in Wellington,
while plans are in preparation for a
Food and Shelter Depot in the same
city, and reformatory work for boys
and girls and the Maories. A Food
and Shelter is also in the scheme for
Christchurch. In Queensland a plan
has been prepared for extensive ir-
rigation at River View; while another
Inebriates' Home will be opened in the
Colony.

When it is remembered that more
than a million cheap meals were sup-
plied in the course of the year, four
hundred thousand beds, temporary ac-
commodation found for 750 persons, and
2,500 men and women passed through
the Prison Gate, and Rescue, and
Maternity Homes in the course of
twelve months, it will be readily ac-
cepted that the verdict that we have
passed upon the Australian Salvation-
ist and his leaders is not an over-
drawn one.

(To be continued next week.)

The Anchor, Vancouver.

HOW IT IMPRESSED ME.

By MRS. READ.

I am constrained by an irresistible impulse to send a word or two respecting the Vancouver Men's Shelter, appropriately called "The Anchor," which is accomplishing a beautiful work, and no doubt the blessings resulting from its efforts have helped to give the Army the prestige it enjoys in the city.

I think it is a pity we do not hear more from Adj. Patterson, through the columns of the Cry, of the good work being done, but there is every excuse for the Adjutant, as he is kept rushing from early morning till late at night.

There is a woodyard in connection with the Shelter, where any poor man can earn the means to pay for his board if he is out of work.

"We always trust them the first night, if they are late, and let them work out the price of their bed and breakfast," said the Adjutant.

The week previous to my visit 300 beds had been supplied, and two hundred and twenty dollars' worth of wood had been sold. 46 orders, on the day of my visit, had Adj. Patterson taken in. They are kept extremely busy.

"It is one thing to say 'Go on,' another to say 'Come on, boys,'" said the Adjutant, "and then, you see, I have lots of means to drop a word here and there about spiritual things." This has doubtless been the secret of the success achieved by Adj. Patterson during his term in Vancouver. Then the Shelter has a most delightful "home" element about it, which the chief officer attributes to his wife's good taste and skill. Anyway, the place is a model of bright, cheerful neatness. The paint is spotless, and one is impressed by the touch of grace the lovely British Columbia ferus give, artistically arranged as they are here and there in the hallways.

There are two grades of accommodation, and many men prefer the upper, and many men prefer the lower, grade room to any other boarding house. There is a reading-room connected with the institution provided for all, and Capt. Shanley, the assistant officer, gave me the opportunity one evening, of glancing into the cozy little sitting-room provided for those who make the Shelter their home. The Anchor has doubtless been the means of spiritual and moral uplifting, and I wish space or time permitted me to tell some of the interesting incidents given me by the Adjutant and his dear wife while I enjoyed the hospitality of their bright home last Sunday. Possibly I may be able to do so at some future day.



Ensign and Mrs. W. H. Heift.

I have had the joy of serving the Lord of Life and Glory for ten years in the Salvation Army in Canada and the United States. I love the fight now to-day more than ever before. I love Canada for there God, through the Salvation Army, made me what I am today. I look back upon my first Christmaside in the new life with thankfulness, because God not only brought me, that He not only gave His Son to save me, but also to succor and heal me. Hallelujah! He wonderfully healed my body about Christmas time, in the Yorkville T. H., then in charge of Adj. Taylor, now Staff-Captain. God bless him. I loved the fight in Canada and will never forget my experience there. May God bless all our old comrades over the line. We are with you in spirit and pray for you.

One can find enough that is not good and pleasant in all: the art is to detect in them the good thing that God has put into each and means such to show forth. —F. D. Maurice.

ONE OF MANY.

By MRS. STAFF-CAPT. STANYON.

A wise son maketh a glad father; but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother. —Prov. x. 1.

T was a sad Christmas in Steve's home. Every joy was shadowed by a sorrow, every pleasure by a pain; for Steve, the only son, had resolved to leave the little country homestead for life in a busy city.

Father's exhortations and mother's entreaties were alike in vain; Steve was bent on going. He argued that it was as bad as being buried alive to live in that place, it was too dull and monotonous for such as he; in the city success sure and certain awaited him.

He could not understand, nor did he seem to desire to, the many fears and gloomy forebodings his parents shared regarding the step he had determined to take. Despite prayers and pleadings his purpose remained unshaken, and the day was fixed, and not far distant, when Steve meant to say farewell to the "old folk's" and the old place among his many friends and surroundings; hence Christmas, in that little country home this particular year was a sad one.

Close observers could easily have detected traces of tears in Mrs. Heife's cheeks many times that day. She loved her boy, and would fain have kept him under the shelter of the old roof a few years longer. As for the father, he seemed strangely silent and sad, but his sanction was given and his way free to pursue his long-desired course.

Steve only was excited and happy. His talk was cheery and hopeful—he intended it to be so, for he noted the unwonted sadness of his parents, and tried hard to lift the dark shadows which his premeditated action had brought there, but he did not succeed very well. He was glad when that Christmas Day was over, and the following days were spent in preparing for his transit.

At last all was ready. The packing of that little trunk had cost Steve's mother more than he would ever know. Prayers were breathed, and tears were shed, which only God Himself had heard and seen. Everything was remembered—and love does remember, especially a mother's love. All that her boy needed, and all that he was likely to need, was packed with her own tender, trembling hands.

The hours sped by all too quickly for that mother-heart, and the parting came. They were bitter ones—made bitter by the knowledge that her God was not Steve's God, and she realized the dangers for soul and body that awaited him in that great city to which he was bound. At length the last words of advice were spoken, and the last blessing breathed, the last good-bye said, the last kiss given, and Steve turned his back upon the old home of his youth and two breaking hearts.

The way of transgressors is hard. —Prov. xii. 15.

Years had rolled away, and again it was Christmas morning. It swept in, bearing on its snowy pinions memories bright and joyous, and memories bitter and painful. It was the latter that came with aching remembrance to Steve on that particular morning, as he stood under partial shelter at a street corner, watching the silently-falling snow-flakes.

He was changed—greatly changed, marked not so much by Time's hand as by Sin's. His was a woe-filled story—of defeat and disgrace, with a record of broken promises and unrealized hopes. His face bore evidences of dissipation, his garments of extreme poverty. He stood there alone, with his head bowed, his thought of many things. Days of long ago, days of boyhood and innocence, days when a mother's love and a father's counsels were as a shield to him, and of that Christmas morn'g, when he had turned his back upon that little haven of peace and love! He compared that past with this present. Then he had all, everything that was worth having! Now he had nothing, he had nothing!

Friends, situation, money, reputation,

and character—they had left him gradually, but surely. He had gone down and down until he had sunk so low that he could hardly recognize himself in the light of the past.

Yes, he had sunk low indeed, and despaired of ever "finding his feet again."

The past seemed but a pleasant dream, the present a stern reality. He was homeless and hungry, and over the future there hung a black, dark shadow.

He watched with absent gaze the

Even to think of her and home was torture! He could not, dare not, permit himself to do so. With a smothered sigh he turned on his heel and vanished within the swing-doors of the first saloon to drown his bitter reflections.

And He shall send them a Saviour and a great One, and He shall deliver them —Isa. xix. 20.

It wanted but two days to Christmas. Almost as soon as the officers began their day's work at the Army Headquarters one morning, a respectfully-dressed man presented himself at the Cashier's Office, and said to the Salvationist working at the desk, "Here is \$5, I want it to be spent in helping to get a few needy ones a good Christmas dinner, and I believe you are the folks that will see this done."

I have known myself what it is to be hungry, and on Christmas Day, too. But that is past now."

It was Steve, but how transformed! It was the old story over again. In his dark sky a star had appeared which led him to Bethlehem's Saviour. The past was forgiven and blotted out. He

What Would Jesus Do?

What would He do with the tears that are falling?

Wipe them away.

What would He do with the dark nations calling?

Bring them the day.

What would He do with the pining in sadness?

What with the gay in their short hour of gladness?

What with the thoughtless in folly's wild madness?

Call them to pray.

What would He do when they falsely accuse Him?

Silently bear.

What when they shamefully taunt and abuse Him?

Name them in prayer.

What would He do with His love unrequited?

What when the wrongness they will not have righted?

What when the mercy is trampled and slighted?

Ask God to spare.

What would He do with the angry sea tossing?

Calm the wild wave.

What with the fearful who sink in its crossing?

Stretch forth to save.

What would He do?—see, His life-blood is streaming;

But from the storm-cloud sweet mercy is beaming;

O what compassi n! for sake of redeeming,

All things He gave.

Thy life and mine, Lord, I've been comparing—

Shame covers me.

Filled with amazement that still Thou art sparing

This barren tree.

Yet in my bosom a great wish is heaving—

Everything willing to lose in such giving;

O to be doing and being and living,

Always like Thee!

hurryng passer-by, whose faces reflected the brightness of this the happiest season of the year. He had no part or lot in their joy. The light in their eyes was too great a contrast to the darkness which filled his heart. Just then, however, his attention was arrested by the well-mannered figure of an old lady passing by. Something in the elderly shawl, the trimmed bonnet-strings and the gold-rimmed glasses made a strange pain to seize his heart.

So like his mother was the passer-by that he was almost surprised when he saw beneath the neat bonnet features which were totally unfamiliar. But the reminder brought no comfort to his starved heart. Between the pure, sweet face that used to shine upon him from under mother's cap and his own present haggard one, his sins had built a barrier too high of shame for his love and longing to surmount.

had "found his feet again," and they were now firmly on the rock, and that rock was Christ.

His temporal prospects were bright, and his spiritual had reclaimed what drink and dissipation had lost. In the well-dressed commercial traveller, who lifted the latch of the cottage door some hours later, there was a sudden reminder of the impenitent lad who had closed it five years before to make the old couple start up with joy from the fire-side, to fling their arms around the restored Stephen. Nor was there trace of the earlier seasons of sorrow which had ensued since last they ate their Christmas dinner together. So completely had the deliverance of "a great Saviour" loosed sin's chains and obliterated the scars which they had made.

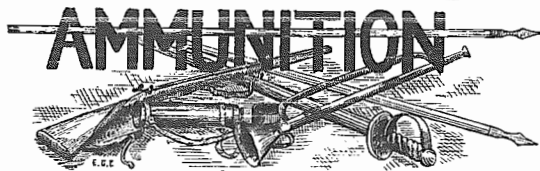
Who asks in God's name, asks for two.



"Yes, I felt a bit 'blue' at the bad

The choice of good has been made so difficult, only to give a higher value to man, and the choice be makes.—Baron Stockmar's letter to the Prince Consort.

In proportion as the mysteries of man's goodness unfold themselves to us, in that proportion do we obtain an insight of God's.—J. D. Mozley.



Weekly Watchword:

God's Questions.

Lord, Thou art speaking—"Lovest thou Me?"

"Master, Thou knowest," my answer must be;

And since love's value is proved by love's test,
I will surrender my dearest and best.

DAILY TONIC.

SUNDAY.

Where Art Thou?—Gen. iii. 9.

This is God's first question to the sinner. It suggests no deficiency in the all-knowledge of God, for He is aware just now far down sin's slippery round the soul has trod, but He wills that a sinner's condemnation should be through his own lips. It is absolutely essential for the soul to discover its true standing before seeking and finding salvation. When a man sees and acknowledges his relationship towards righteousness and sin, there is hope for his gaining the former and escaping from the latter.

MONDAY.

Wilt Thou be Made Whole?—John v. 6.

The weight of an eternal choice hangs behind this question. How much depends upon the answer! To the impotent man in this story it meant either complete restoration to health or hopeless invalidism, the greatest torture of which would be found in the thought of "what might

have been." To the sin-sick soul it means all the difference between a perfect cleansing from sin's disease and the stained pollution of a sin-stricken state.

TUESDAY.

What is That to Thee?—John xxi. 22.

This question was Christ's answer to undue curiosity on the part of His disciples. Its unanswerable nature was in itself the reply. To those who quibble at the prominence or privileges of others, Christ still has for them this grave reproof and reminds them of their own individual responsibility to fulfil their own duty while leaving others to take care of their own.

WEDNESDAY.

Why Did ye Not Believe?—Matt. xxi. 23.

This will be Christ's question to the sceptics of the 19th century. With the world crowded with evidences to the saving realities of salvation, what reason will these latter-day unbelievers return for their failure to accept the greatest truths of the universe? In that Day when the secrets of all hearts shall be opened the excuses of doubt will be swept away and too many answers have to be "Because we would not."

THURSDAY.

Why Persecutest Thou Me?—Acts ix. 4.

This was God's question to the unrighteously zealous Paul, on the road to Damascus. Of those who, with more covert persecution, annoy the contrite followers of the Cross in our times Christ asks the same question, thereby at once making the offence the more serious one of insult to the Master rather than to the servant.

FRIDAY.

When Will Ye be Wise?—Ps. xciv. 8.

God's questions never exact from the soul more than the soul is really able to give. He does not demand from all the manifestation of the genius which He has given to some, but He does look for that A B C of spiritual understanding which can realize the relative importance of right and wrong, and the faithful responsibilities of man towards His Maker.

SATURDAY.

What Shall a Man Give in Exchange for His Soul?—Mark viii. 37.

Would that those who are centering their affections and ambitions upon treasures which must mean the price of their soul, would look their substitutes in the face in the light of the above question. God does not will that men should lose their eternal peace with their eyes closed—He confronts the conscience with such a question that it may realize the unequal bargain it is making before it is for ever too late.

A Retrospect of God's Goodness

Deut. viii. 2.

There is nothing more profitable before the onset of a new year than a conscientious mental review of the old. New vows are better made and kept if the former are remembered. Coming joys and sorrows find their true balance when weighed by the varied experiences of the past. We are not so likely to be madly pre-occupied by the hours that are pleasant, or unnecessarily cast down by the hours that are sad.

Looking back over the twelve months now closing, in the light of this week's lesson, deep gratitude is the strongest feeling excited. There is not a day which has not been characterized by the guidance and goodness of God, while their blessings have been showered upon the world through '36, in a special sense they have endowed those of us who are His children.

God's Guidance.—As we step back and survey in thought the steps which we have taken under Divine leading,

we are amazed with the magnitude of His mercy. But, after all, how little we can recollect of the whole, for how little, after all, have we really known of this guidance. How often has it protected us from dangers which we did not see, how many opportunities and privileges we deemed opened up to us by our own choice, have really been revealed to us by the inspiration of God's Spirit within. And if in temporal things God has been our continual protection, how much more in spiritual necessities. What numberless temptations All-knowing Love has led us from, knowing that they would be too much for our weak strength to withstand, and through what a train of circumstances best calculated to keep alive and vigorous the soul-life within, has His preservation brought us. Only the light of Eternal Day will reveal how absolutely we are indebted to God's Hand for all of safety and salvation that has been ours during the past year.

God's Goodness.—We can never measure it, never know its limits, though our very breath is bestowed by it, and all we have of liberty and joy and power are derived from it. It has been so undeserved, too often unappreciated, and so seldom returned by that only return which man can make to His Maker, the thankfulness of a contrite and devoted heart.

On the threshold of the New Year as we say farewell to the one now passing, mingled feelings take possession of each heart. Whatever of real harm has come to us has been our own fault. For with God, even the sorrows of life are sanctified and the trials clanged to triumphs.

"All is of God. If He but wave His hand,

The mist collect, the rain falls, thick and loud,

Till with a smile of light on sea and land,

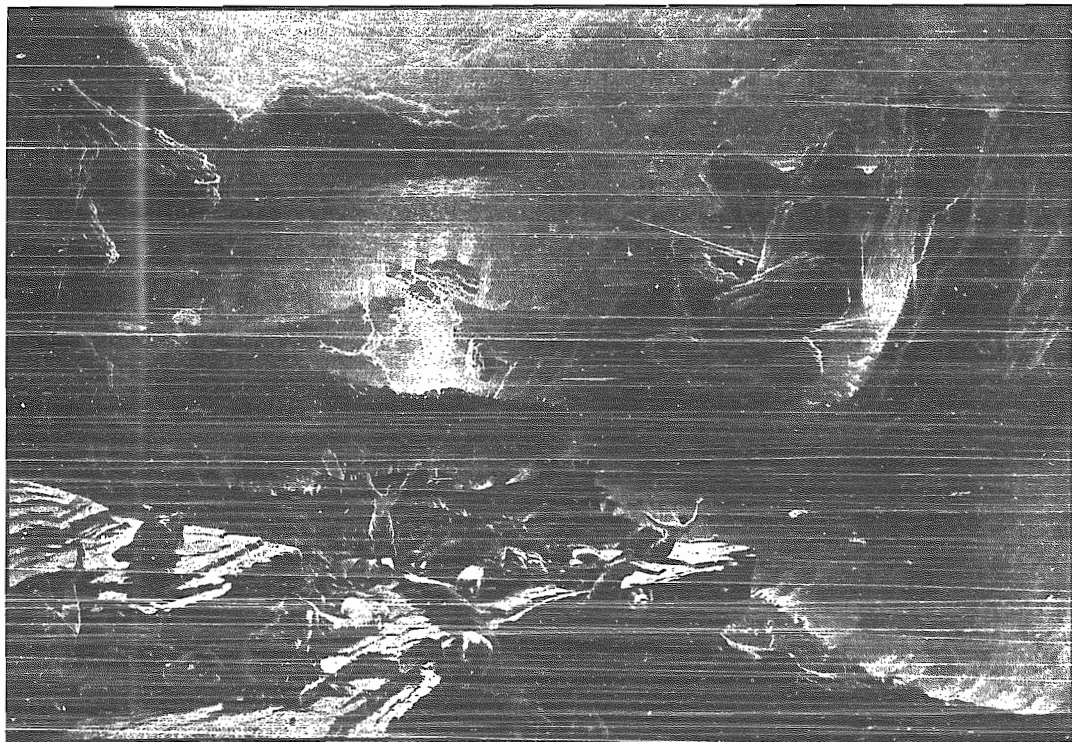
Lo! He looks back from the departing cloud.

Angels of Life and Death alike are His;

Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;

Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,

Against His messengers to shut the door?"



THE OPENING OF THE SIXTH SEAL.

"And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood."—Rev. vi. 12.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

Lieut. Nell Anderson, of Winnipeg Shelter, to be Captain.
 Lieut. Draper, of Larimore, to be Captain at Minot.
 Lieut. Nesbitt, of Kamloops, to be Captain.
 Lieut. Ziebart, of New Whatcom, to be Captain.

Appointments—

ENSIGN WALKER to take charge of Toronto I. (old Richmond St.)
 Lieut. Tudge, of the Shelter, St. Johns, Nfld., to be Captain at Caribou.
 EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Field Commissioner.



Crowded Out.

We were fortunate to secure an excellent number of contributions for our Christmas edition, more, in fact, than we could possibly crowd into its twenty-eight pages. Some of these articles we print in this issue, viz.: "Between the Devil and the Deep Sea," by Adjt. Page; and "One of Many," by Mrs. Staff-Capt. Stanoy, as well as the continuation of Brigadier Cox's interesting story.

We have now also in our possession the MSS. of "Wanted—A Boy," written by the graphic pen of our former Editor and beloved comrade, Brigadier Compin. We shall begin the first issue of 1900 with this interesting story as well as introduce other special features to the War Cry. Other contributions, which were received too late, will appear from time to time.

Thanks.

We cannot let pass this opportunity of thanking our contributors for their Christmas article. We are pleased to say that we have a number who are always ready—no matter how rushed with the duties of their position—to "make time" for writing for the War Cry. Foremost among them is our own beloved Commissioner, Miss Booth, whose articles are widely read and have frequently been reprinted. Nearly all our chief officers readily responded to invitations, or forwarded contributions from their pen voluntarily. We have also a number of Field and District Officers who bring joy to the Editor's heart by their willing response. There are others—tell it not in Gath—who have literary ability, but in whom the up their talent in a handkerchief. We are belling for a deeper work of grace in their hearts.

The Massey Hall Again.

Miss Booth has engaged the magnificent Massey Music Hall, of Toronto, for another unique demonstration to be conducted there on Thursday, February 1st. The subject of the Commissioner's address is "The Lover's Walk Illustrated," and it will be very attractively illustrated by object lessons, representations, scenery, exercises, music, and song. A large number of children in white will take prominent parts in it. The program has not been fully arranged in its details, but from those outlines and fragments of it which have been definitely decided, we can unreservedly promise one of the most interesting, happy, instructive, and blessed meetings. The announcement of Miss Booth's presence and ad-

dress in itself is sure to bring a great crowd, but the special features to be locally announced will greatly enhance her address, and should prove as at tractive as other meetings conducted in the Massey Hall. Watch for further announcements.

FAREWELL, PACIFIC!

Brigadier Howell Says Good-Bye to his Province.

(By wire.)

Brigadier Howell bade a final and affectionate farewell to his Western officers and troops to-night. Barracks filled with a sympathetic and enthusiastic crowd, which cheered and volleyed in response to the Brigadier's address. All regret his leaving. Our love and prayers follow him. Brigadier spoke in glorious terms of his successor—Staff-Capt. Gage.



FROM FOREIGN FIELDS.

THE BRITISH ISLES.

The General has returned to London after having been fourteen days in France and Switzerland on a campaign which the numerous readers of his "Journal" must have followed with intense interest and increasing gratitude to God. The General is much better in health than was anticipated.

Mrs. Booth opened the Sale of Work at the Farm Colony on Monday, Dec. 11th at 3 p.m., followed by a tea in the library at 4.

Majors Mitchell, of the Property Department, and Wolfe, of the Subscribers' Department, are now Brigadiers.

The Chief of the Staff spent a glorious day with three hundred Local Officers in Sheffield. Colonel Badie and Lieut.-Colonel Lindsay assisted.

The latest English Cry gives special prominence to the Social Scheme. The General makes a strong appeal for funds to carry on the great work.

500 handmen took part in the Musical Festival at the Congress Hall on Saturday, Dec. 9th, at which the Chief of the Staff presided.

UNITED STATES.

At the Commander's latest holiness meeting in New York City, the subject was "Christian Idols." Ten souls came forward to seek deliverance.

Among the requisites for the immense dinner to 20,000 children, were the following: 1,000 pairs shoes, 3,000 lbs. nuts, 4,000 lbs. crackers, 500 barrels apples, 4,000 lbs. turkey, 9,000 lbs. chicken, 15,000 lbs. beef, 500 barrels potatoes, 8,000 loaves bread, 4,200 pies, etc., etc.

Among the latest Shelter openings are: a Shelter and Salvage Brigade in New Brunswick, a Women's Shelter in Jersey City, a new Shelter in Los Angeles, a Brooklyn Labor Bureau, and a Shelter in Schenectady.

It is reported that the son of Governor Smith, of Montana State, was saved at an Army open-air in Chattanooga, Tenn.

AUSTRALASIA.

The grand total of \$125,500 was raised by the "Army's Self-Defence" scheme. The result is magnificent, and calls for unbounded praise. The

West Ontario Aflame.

(Press Telegram.)

Magnificent tour. London, 22 souls. St. Thomas, 5. Windsor, 14. Chatham, 13, making a total of 54 up to the present. Still there's more to follow. Meetings having wonderful effect upon the Province. Lieut.-Col. Margetts upland and swaying crowds by his inspired utterances. Now marching on to Simcoe and Hespeler. Look out for further reports. Brigadier Pugmire.

DOES THIS MEAN YOU?

A home is needed for a bright little boy of five years. 43957

Brigadier Mrs. Read, Temple, Toronto.

returned from America, together with Eugén Axell, have for a time taken charge of the Women's Training Home.

Colonel Musa Blat has been much used of God to the saving and cleansing of many souls in his tour through Scandinavia.

The Turkish Bath-house, taken over some time since from the municipal authorities of Stockholm, by Commissioner Oliphant, is proving an immense success. Last month no less than 4,165 baths were taken, making the phenomenal total for the nine months of 31,634.

FRANCE and SWITZERLAND

During the meetings conducted by the General in the Salle Auber, and in the Salle des Agriculteurs de France in Paris, eighty-eight souls came forward seeking a pure heart at the foot of the Cross.

One of the most interesting parts of the French War Cry, "En Avant," is the weekly article written by Commissioner Lucy Booth-Hellberg, entitled "From Heart to Heart." These articles are full of vivid and blessed suggestions.

A new city in Switzerland is going to open its doors to the Army. It is the little industrial city of Bâle-Châtelain. This will make a total number of 48 corps in the German Province of Switzerland.

After the visit of the General in Switzerland Commissioners Booth-Hellberg will visit every corps in that country.

ITALY.

The authorities begin to understand the importance of our work in this country. At Turin a man, who, despite reiterated advices had been disturbing our meetings, was placed under arrest by the police, sent to jail for five days and fined ten dollars.

A new hall has been rented in the Smezza. The new corps will soon be opened.

The work is going forward and gives great promise. The officers are full of enthusiasm. Two new Lieutenants have received marching orders for Bologna and Leghorn.

SOUTH AFRICA.

Commissioner Kilbey, of South Africa, has set apart officers to meet every down-country train arriving at the railway terminal at Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London and Durban, in order to offer assistance to refugees immediately on their arrival at these places.

An officer represents the Army on every relief committee in the country. Commissioner Kilbey writes: "The authorities are finding that the management of the refugees is no holiday business, and at East London the whole of the women-refugees are under the direction of one of our women." The hands of Brigadier Rauch, our Social Secretary, are as full as possible with relief work.

SWEDEN.

There are at present 100 Corps Cadets.

The Women's Shelter has been opened, but is not large enough for the great need.

Mrs. Commissioner Oliphant has started "The Lord's Bread-Baker" for those who feel disposed to give a loaf every week for the Shelter. Someone gathers the loaves, or they are sent directly to the Shelter.

Staff-Capt. Hilder Karlson, lately

NOVEL READING.

MY EXPERIENCE OF IT.

I remember when I was a slave to novel reading. It did not matter what kind of a book it was, I got so fond of reading generally that I would read any book for information. I can't say that I cared much for the Bible, and remembering picking it up several times, and throwing it down again as a very dry book for me. I have read what some people would call good novels, and I have read all kinds of trashy and bad novels, and enjoyed myself greatly in a very miserable way. I have been so occupied and infatuated in reading those foolish books that I couldn't hear for any voice that through His convicting Spirit, I was led to repentance, and accepted by faith pardon and deliverance from all my sins, through the Blood of the Crucified One. I praise God for His mercies, and desires are now fixed on things above. My desire now is to read the word of God, and any book that would be a help and blessing to me and others. I cannot understand or professing Christians reading all kinds of foolish stories and novels. I feel that I have no desire or time for such reading. Praise God for salvation from sin, from that would hinder us in our progress in the divine life, and our influence with those whom we come in contact with from day to day. May the Lord bless these few words, is my prayer. —Tress, Cabin, Halifax, I.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER'S NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE

To the Troops of Her Territory.

THE distant chiming of bells ringing out the old year and ringing in the new, remind us that our feet are about to pass one more milestone on life's journey. We can scarcely believe that we are in the closing hours of another year. It seems but yesterday that we knelt in the solemn hush of its first moments and consecrated ourselves to whatever God's love might bring in it for us. Its days have flown. For thousands they have been days devoted to the battles of our holy war, or crowded with plans and schemes for the building of His Temple in the hearts of others: and the flying months have met and left us too taken up with the claims of an on-rushing eternity to stay to mark their flight. Some of us, in the heat and strain of a thousand urgencies, would that the days had been twice their length, while others, beset by circumstances of suffering or grief, have longed that the time would hurry them on to a happier future. But for all of us, Time's pendulum has swung to and fro with inexorable speed, and at this solemn season, the world with its burden of busy and idle, blest and sad, rich and poor, crosses the threshold of 1900's door.

We halt for a moment at the parting of the ways to speak farewell to the past before saying welcome to the future. What do we feel, you and I, my comrades, as we look back? Regretful of any strength expended, any toiling service given, any loss suffered, or secret conflict waged? Would we withhold the sacrifice, or recall the tears which others' gain may have asked? No! ten thousand times no! We would that our share of the fight had been more worthy of record in Heaven; would that we had been braver, more true, more self-sacrificing, more to the front in the hour of danger, and the deepest needs of a world's distress.

For how poor and paltry looks our best by the side of what God has given to us, even through this past twelve months! We can never count the manifestations of His wondrous goodness, tender leadings, and powerful aid that the year's record reveals. We make up for human weakness by all-sufficient grace; standing, and powerful aid that the year's record reveals. We can never count the manifestations of His wondrous goodness, tender leadings, and powerful aid that the year's record reveals.

How He has loved us, how He has helped us, making up for human weakness by all-sufficient grace; standing, and powerful aid that the year's record reveals. We can never count the manifestations of His wondrous goodness, tender leadings, and powerful aid that the year's record reveals.

Yet, let me ask you to guard against being so pre-occupied with the victories of the past as to neglect seeking, and so miss obtaining, what Heaven has to give at this season, to fit you for a greater, grander and more glorious future. I cannot help being specially and tenderly interested in those who are the warriors of my own Territory, the soldiers of my charge standing near to me in the strife, and sharing in the weight of the burdens of our war—many of your faces come up before me as I write. The thought of your faithful service fills my heart with strongest desire that blessings, rich and choice, may be given you at this season, equipping you for the needs of 1900.

Don't step into the new, untrodden year before you without getting some marked and definite blessing to your own soul. We know not what it may bring—what test to the faith—what temptation to the soul—what sorrow to the heart—what bereavement to the home. Don't start its struggle without spotless garments, without an unwavering confidence in God, without a free binding of your spirit to the deathless purposes of Calvary. Fill the dying moments of the old year with a consecration which will thrill Heaven with joy, and Hell with fear. Then cross the boundary of the passing field and take possession of the new, with your heart knit to the heart of your comrade, your hand on the Flag which waves for the world's Salvation, and your eye fixed upon the eternal mustering ground of Heaven's own land.

Stand for God! Face the foe! Live for others! Fight and win!

Yours with you for this,

Bracegeth Robb

Field Commissioner.

The South African War.

The war in South Africa assumes a more serious proportion each week. British troops have been poured into South Africa. The Canadian Contingent has arrived and ordered forward to Orange River Station, which is south of Kimberley. The Boers are still beleaguering Fort Tuli to the north (Rhodesia), Mafeking, Kimberley, and Ladysmith. Occasional sorties have been made by all of these besieged garrisons, those of the Ladysmith force meeting with the best success, having destroyed some of the Boer siege cannon and captured a maxim gun. The British forces are operating in four main divisions.

General Methuen has advanced from Cape Town along the Cape-Bulawayo Railway, crossed the Orange River, fought four battles, the three first of which—Belmont, Gras Pan (Baslin), and Modder River—were victorious, although accompanied with heavy casualties; but the last engagement, at Magersfontein, was a serious check, resulting in a loss of nearly a thousand men. The Boers are strongly fortified and seem determined to offer a strenuous resistance to the relief column, while Kimberley is still closely besieged.

Generals French and Gatacre are operating against the Boer forces who have crossed the Orange River and invaded Cape Colony, where they have received large adherence from the Cape Dutch farmers. General French has advanced along the railway running from Port Elizabeth northward to Colesburg, Bloemfontein, and Pretoria, and holds the important railway junction, Naauw Poort, while the Boer forces are reported to be strongly entrenched at Colesburg. No general engagement has been fought by either French so far.

General Gatacre operates in a district more easterly, and mostly affected by the depredations of Dutch farmers. His line of communication is a railway from East London to seaport to join the main line to Pretoria, to the north of the Orange River.

General Gatacre advanced towards Mafeking recently with a view to surprising the Boers, who were reported to be entrenched near by. Through some mistake of the policeman, who acted as guide, the British walked into a trap and were repulsed with heavy losses, over 600 men were taken prisoners.

The forces composing the fourth column were landed at Durban, Natal, and are now amounting to about 30,000 men. Under the direction of General Buller, the Commander-in-Chief of all the British forces in South Africa. The immediate object of this division is the relief of Ladysmith, where General White, with nine thousand troops, is besieged. The Boers are strongly entrenched in the mountains round about Ladysmith and across the Tugela River, near Colenso, where they have blown up the railway bridge. General Buller attempted to ford the river on Dec. 15th, but was repulsed by the Boers who were hidden in the river, and who shot particularly at the horses and gunners of the artillery, which lost eleven guns, and loss of 1,150 killed, wounded and missing.

General Roberts has been appointed as Commander-in-Chief of the forces in South Africa, with Lord Kitchener as Chief-of-Staff. These are two of the best Generals of England.

The most recent events have been a series of reverses which have cost heavily. One of the finest regiments of Great Britain, the Black Watch, was almost annihilated. The Salvation Army has many members of its Naval and Military League in its ranks, many of whom have doubtless fallen as victims of the war.

It is a pitiful business at best. As the General said: "If the British win, I lose; if the Boers win, I lose." The Salvation Army knows only of losses in this strife. "We scarcely know for whom we shall pray the better; for the Salvationists in arms against each other on both sides, or for those thousands who are not ready to die." The Field Commissioner prayed the other day at noon's service. Let us all fervently pray that peace may be hastened and this dreadful slaughter between two professedly-Christian nations be terminated.

LONDON LIFTED.

LT-COL. MARGETTS AND BRIGADIER PUGMIRE
LEAD ON THE LONDON FORCES.

Desperate Battles—Glorious Victories—The Enemy Driven Back—
Twenty-Two Souls Captured—The Colonel's New Song.

London was all excitement when it was blazed abroad that these two desperados of salvation warfare, the Territorial Secretary and the Provincial Officer of West Ontario, would conduct a three days' campaign in the Citadel here. They came to us with a great hungering and thirsting which could only be satisfied by souls being captured from the enemy's ranks.

At the first engagement on the Saturday night, the forces turned out in full force, the hand to the front, blowing and blasting those in struments as though they meant business. Half-an-hour in the open-air whetted the soldiers' appetites for the hostile bombardment. The hall was crowded. The Colonel and Brigadier were welcomed as only those who have waged a good warfare, and won the hearts of the people, can be welcomed. The Colonel introduced a new weapon that wounded many hearts—the song, "My name in Mother's Prayer." At the close three fell at the Cross.

A Good Sunday.

Sunday the weather was against us, and yet one would hardly realize that it was wet outside when the doors were closed on such crowds inside the Citadel. Sunday morning seemed to be a preparation for the afternoon and evening conflicts. The Brigadier spoke of some great souls who were with him, and mentioned his love for the Colonel on account of his one-all-absorbing desire to see souls saved. And one could see that they were "United to Win." The Colonel talked much power and feeling, and vividly portrayed the likeness of those who are marked for the service of the King. He gave a strong, earnest, and tender appeal for others to come and have his mark in their foreheads. There was a beautiful time, and one came to be filled with the Holy Ghost and made ready for service.

In the afternoon a crowd of old friends met to give the Colonel an enthusiastic welcome back to his old battleground, his having been stationed in London some three years ago. Gospel bombs were fired by our two loved leaders, and their singing together of "He loved me, I cannot tell why," was calculated to strike deeply into

Seventeen at Night.

the hearts of the people. And what shall I say of the pitch-in at night? Did London ever witness such a grand and glorious achievement? This engagement took place upwards of four hours, and here and there all over the building we could see that almost every spot was taking effect. The Brigadier piloted the prayer meeting, and they began to surrender—one, two, three, four—then a volunteer fell with a heavy thud at the Mercy Seat—five, six, seven, eight, nine—then an older sister was seen bringing a younger, and putting her arms around her, and her dear old sister at the pedestal for one. Over and over they came until seventeen grounded their arms of rebellion at the feet of our Lord and King.

The songs of victory and the shouts of the soldiers at the close of the battle were an incentive to us all to go forward in the battle. And, almost tired out, having unconsciously fought the day's fight to the finish, our dear Colonel and Brigadier, like two brothers, sat on the platform and smiled and looked on with satisfaction, while one after another jumped to their feet and told of personal victories and blessings experienced during the day. A dear old sister was rejoicing because his daughter had surrendered to God. Women in different parts of the building wept tears of joy as they told of their children being at the Mercy Seat that night. At 11 P. M. the Major was jubilant on account of some of his Juniors coming over on the Lord's side. New converts, with their faces beaming, proclaimed victory, and it was some time before we could all together "Praise God from

Whom all blessings flow," and go home.

Monday evening the Colonel and Brigadier spent a short and pleasant time with the Juniors; then came their last meeting with us. The crowd clapped and cheered again and again as they sang their songs of victory and played concertina selections. To them in distress and danger they especially talked. There was an intensity of feeling throughout the building during their last moments with us, tears standing in the eyes of many, and we separated after having seen twenty-two souls surrender.

The Colonel and Brigadier are both much loved in London, and the forces of London corps promise them a hearty and enthusiastic welcome at their next visit.—Red Ridinghood.

Vancouver Victories.

Triumphant Campaign of Brigadier Mrs. Read—
League of Mercy Organized—Enrolment of
Soldiers—Rescue Home Promised.

Saturday night and all day Sunday, the 2nd and 3rd of December, we have had with us Brigadier Mrs. Read, Woman's Social Secretary for Canada. Many of us remember with pleasure and profit the Brigadier's two visits in '24, and we have been looking forward in joyful anticipation to her coming.

With all the Brigadier's sweet, interior brightness, we detect the tears of interior suffering, with all its redning, ennobling, and oftentimes sinfulness. "God's choicest wreaths are always wet with tears." Our joys are made of sorrow, our crowns come of crores, and our strength is made perfect in weakness. During the Brigadier's stay we feel we have listened to the outpourings of a soul on fire with love for Christ and for the suffering, perishing souls for whom He died. The Brigadier is intensely earnest, a woman whose mind is saturated with rich, beautiful thoughts, to whom God is a living, burning fact; one whose soul is a furnace of long-suffering, patient love for Christ's bewildered, wandering sheep, who reflects in her life the heaven in her soul.

Her addresses were the spontaneous eloquence of the heart, and whether spiritual or social, they had as their purpose the glory of God and the salvation of souls. The boldness of address was a particularly soul-searching thing. Many sore spots were tenderly and lovingly touched, and we trust cleansed and healed. Listening on Sunday afternoon, to this woman of God pleading for the class whose social and spiritual salvation has become the work of her life, we detected the tears of sympathy in her voice, and our hearts have been touched by the deep, pathetic tone and refined, yet simple, language. We understand Christ ministered not to Himself, but to others.

The evening meeting was packed from platform to door. First, an enrolment of soldiers; then the commissioning of the League of Mercy officers, after which the Brigadier delivered a powerful and a soul-stirring address. The audience was spell-bound and most of them stayed to the afternoon meeting.

She has cheered, strengthened, and encouraged the officers and soldiers; souls have been won; a Rescue Home has been promised, at least, so I trust, and the people of Vancouver understand and feel the strong, pathetic words of pity and compassion, proceeding, as they certainly do, from a deep heart capable of intense feeling, and from a cultured mind spiritualized and filled with the spirit of deep wisdom.—"One of the Soldiers."

Faith is the soul's ballast in the storm of fear.

FARGO FAVORED.

The Territorial Secretary Pays a Visit to the
Dakota City—Major Southall Leaves
an Impression.

The visit of the Territorial Secretary to Fargo was in every way a success, and much enjoyed by all. The only drawback was the unavoidable absence of our general, J. D. Major Southall. The Major did not leave us, however, until he had deeply impressed us with his unlimited command of language.

The Colonel managed to rest up a little during the day, and was at his best in the meeting at night. The hall was full, and the audience drank in eagerly every word of the Colonel's telling address. The stiffness that is generally apparent at the beginning of a meeting of this description was soon overcome, and as the Colonel proceeded with his earnest, fiery appeal, smiles and tears were much in evidence. Conviction was stamped on many faces, and the Lord had His own way in the hearts of the people, many souls would have decided that night.

I have never heard the Colonel better, and Fargo folks will not forget him when he comes again. I might just add that our Corps and District targets are things of the past. All missed up. Next 1-3, Barr.

THE WEST FROM MY POINT OF VIEW

By BRIGADIER MRS. READ.

Butte City New Hope.

The constant rush which is inevitable in the performance of the many duties devolving upon me in such a tour as the present one has made it impossible a report of my visit to Butte.

Though in justice to the work it should have been reported earlier, the Rescue Home is an accomplished fact.

Ensign Kerr and Ensign Seper have worked indefatigably, and when I arrived I found a delightfully bright and cheerful house all ready to receive those for whom it is established.

The house is homelike in every sense of the word, and will, I am sure, be a very haven to many a poor, tired, and it is not opened before it is needed. Oh, the great need in Butte City—fifteen hundred poor women living lives of shame! How my heart bled all the time as I thought of the task before my dear comrades, but God is going to give them the hearts of the girls, and I trust many of them as seals to their ministry.

At the Ministerial Association, to which I was invited, the ministers were very much interested in the work and expressed their intention of using their influence with their congregations to create a practical, sympathetic interest in the Rescue Home which will be much more central than when at Helena, and will be known as the Montana State Home.

Ensign Kerr still requires financial assistance to finish clearing off the initial expense, and I hope the Butte friends will respond liberally.

Adj. and Mrs. Gale were most hearty in their co-operation, and their efforts greatly facilitated the efforts of the Rescue Officers.

Spokane "Liberty Home."

The Field Commissioner has decided that all the Women's Social Institutions have special applications. The name by which the Spokane Home will be known in the future is Liberty Home. May as its name suggests—within its walls liberty be proclaimed to many captive souls.

A magnificent work has been going on here. During the past year 91 inmates have been cared for, 25 of whom have been children. This work has been achieved at a cost of less than thirteen hundred dollars. Dear Mother and her officers have called incessantly and their loving labors have been much blessed.

Unfortunately, Adjutant Langley's health has been in a precarious condition, and she is compelled to rest—she is far from well immediately.

Ensign Moore has been ill, but is now rapidly recovering. Capt. Thoen and Sergt. McCausland have both rendered faithful and effective service. We very much need a

more commodious house for our work in Spokane. I want to inspect one immediately suited to our work which I hope we may be able to secure. We have the hearty co-operation of the city officials in Spokane, and our Food and Service Committee seems to enjoy the confidence of citizens generally.

We are receiving a small grant from the county and are appealing to the city to subsidize our work from municipal funds.

Ensign Ogilvie, who has spent two years of faithful service in Winnipeg, takes charge of Spokane Home. My visit to Spokane will live long in my mind. In spite of pouring rain we had good crowds. At night, on Sunday, the service lasted four hours. At 10 o'clock the barracks was crowded. How those dear comrades pleaded, and prayed for souls! And we were not disappointed, for three men got saved before we closed the meeting.

Staff-Capt. Gage represented the Province throughout the campaign, in the absence of the Brigadier, who is farewelling. The hearty welcome of the Staff-Captain, his dear wife, and the officers will never be forgotten.

Old friends from the East will be glad to hear of the welfare of Ensign Bloss, just returned from the Klondike, and Adj. and Mrs. Alward, who, with the help of every one, are well and happy, and getting along beautifully in the Men's Social Department.

Soldiers' Tea and Farewell Meeting at Dovercourt.

Everybody was feeling extra kind over our Self-Denial effort in Dovercourt, so Capt. Poole decided to celebrate the victory by having a soldiers' tea. Major and Mrs. Turner very kindly consented to be the guests for it in every respect. We had a proper good time together.

After the refreshments were over, Major congratulated the corps on the splendid victory we had achieved—\$35 over our target—and believed we would be the winners by it in every respect. The success represents the cheerful and united effort of the whole corps. Everybody took part.

Sister Price was announced to farewell for the Garrison. Several comrades spoke of her faithfulness and to us as a soldier and Local Officer, and Adj. Adams, on behalf of the corps, presented her with "The Life of Mrs. Booth," and a Song Book. Sister Price has been connected with Dovercourt for a number of years, and in leaving carries with her the prayers and best wishes of all.

In the public meeting which followed five recruits were enrolled. They have proved their sincerity and faithfulness in the past few months, and are received by every comrade as soldiers in our midst. Dovercourt is in far advancement.—Longfellow.

ATTENTION!

Several comrades and friends have enquired for the motto, "Christ is the Head of this House," etc. We were unable to get this motto for some time, but are pleased now to announce that we have it in two sizes—8 1/2 x 11 1/2 @ 20c., and 10 x 35 @ 35c. (postage 5c. extra). We have also a splendid selection of New Year's mottos at 5c. each. Send to Trade Secretary, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING—

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?

JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?

PROFIT DEEDS?

MORTGAGES?

INSURANCE, &c.

WILLS, &c.

DO YOU IN TROUBLE WITH—

DEBTORS, OR

MORTGAGES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent officer. Address your letter (marked "Confidential") to Major A. Simpson, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto & small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.

Something in the bitter choice recalled the crises of the past. Amongst the rush of torturing memories which crowded with maddening rapidity through his brain there rose the scene of a thoughtless chorister in a Cathedral choir and the echo of an Easter hymn—"the foe behind, the deep before." "Oh," he murmured, "I little thought that how like murder, my sword would be after all, I have sinned out the good in my choice—it's a toss-up between bad and bad now. God will make no way through my sin."

As he spoke his choice narrowed to the settlement of an instant. The detective's footstep was on the stairs, his father's name, already dishonored, was threatened with unending shame. Two terrors to choose from, and, with the old weak impulse, he selected the easier way. Just as the key of the law grated in the lock there was a loud report. The door was burst open, but too late to arrest the prisoner, for there is no trial for the crime of a dead man, save at the bar of God.

THE ACHAEAN LEAGUE AND SPARTA.

After the death of Pyrrhus, Antigonus was the most powerful person in Macedonia or Greece, and all the efforts of Sparta and Athens to gain the help of Egypt against him proved failures.

At that time (267 B.C.) twelve of the smaller cities of Greece had united themselves under the name of Achaean League, for defence against Antigonos. The city of Sicyon, near Achaia, however, even while under the rule of a tyrant, and a large-hearted citizen, Clistias, made an attempt to free the city of its oppressor, but was found out and put to death with all his family, except a little boy of seven, Aratus, by name, who escaped and was sheltered by friends in Argos.

Aratus, at the age of twenty, wrote to friends at Sicyon, and finding them favorable to an attempt of liberating the city, climbed the walls by night and incited the citizens to insurrection by the cry, "Aratus, son of Clistias, calls on Sicyon to resume her liberty." The tyrant fled, his house was burned, but no blood was shed in the successful revolt.

Aratus persuaded his liberated fellow-citizens at once to join the Achaean League, and further attempted to strengthen the band of union by an alliance with Egypt. Ptolemy liked Aratus very much, and granted him one hundred and fifty talents for his city, and the Achaean League elected him twice as their general.

He succeeded in driving the Macedonians from a strong position in the middle of the Isthmus of Corinth, called Acro-Corinthus, and by named the shackles of Greece, being situated on a high rock. Aratus found out a plan leading to the rock, and advanced at night with but a few soldiers, while the others were separated from him, by missing the path in the fog. This remnant took shelter under a rock just when the enemy's force from the lower city rushed to the aid of the garrison on the rock, only to fall in the hands of the chance-ambush.

The following day Aratus landed the keys of the city to the assembled citizens, and put an Achaean garrison on the rock, banishing all Macedonians. Needless to say that Corinth joined the League.

Aratus endeavored to win Athens and Sparta over to the League, but their jealousy and pride prevented success.

Sparta had never been subjected to the states north of the Isthmus, but her government had become corrupt. Persian luxuries and ease entered with the Syrian wife of one of the Spartan Kings, while the other King was a miser, who left, at his death, a tremendous fortune to his widow and son, Agis, a boy of thirteen.

Agis had, in his youth, learned of the past greatness of Sparta, and had embraced the teachings of Lycurgus

in all its severity and simplicity. When he became King he moved a boy unknown to him, but he was dressed, while his dual-king wore diadem and purple.

Agis was determined to bring back the old rule. As nearly all the old Spartan nobility was poor, while wealth was held by a few, he succeeded in having the states and money re-divided, even his mother throwing in the great fortune which his father left. Leonidas, the other King, was very angry, but he was not dare to hinder all this since nearly all the nobility was on the young King's side. Leonidas put so much difficulty in the way of the reformers that they brought forth an old law by which no King should be allowed to reign who had married a foreign woman. Leonidas fled into a temple and would have been killed, but for the fact that Agis aided him secretly to escape with his faithful daughter.

Agis fled with his uncle Agesilaus loyal to his reform and had him chosen as King, but was cruelly deceived. While Agis was away to assist the Achaean League in repulsing an invasion, Agesilaus went back to his own city and, retaining his wealth and in general had the populace against him, which forced him to flight and recalled Leonidas. The latter, by treachery, enticed Agis, who had fled into a sanctuary, to leave such, and sent him to prison. Hearing of the efforts of the grandmother and mother of Agis trying to get the people to insist upon a public trial, Leonidas had Agis strangled in jail, while, in dying, said to his weeping friend, "Weep not, friend, I am happier than those who condemn me." His grandmother and mother were likewise slain, while Leonidas carried Agis' wife, Aganitis, to his house and married her to his own son, Cleomenes, a mere boy.

Aganitis was the fairest and wisest woman in Greece. She was gentle towards the young boy, who was innocent of his father's sin, and told him much of brave and self-denying Agis, also encouraging him to study the Stoic philosophy, which taught that virtue was the highest good, and that no suffering, not even death, was to be shunned in the pursuit of virtue.

CORPS REPORTS.

(Continued from page 13.)

PACIFIC.

23 Corps—8 Reports.

PORT SIMPSON.—Bucksliders and sinners are coming home. Our meetings are well attended and the interest keeps up. We have to report the death of two of our comrades' children. Handman McKay's little girl died on the 14th Nov. When her father told her that she could not live many hours, she said she did not mind, she wanted to be saved and rest with Jesus. We also have to report Bandsman Knott's little Miriam's death. She was only four years old, but had learnt to love Jesus. She was taken to the hospital but despite surgical aid death claimed her. The morning of the operation she was found on her knees in her praying. It was a hard blow to her father, but God wonderfully sustains our comrades in their trial. We gave them real Army funerals. The band was out. Sister Bretnen's husband died very suddenly on Nov. 17th. She feels her loss very much and needs help now. Their daughter Sarah got saved a few days before he died and helped him to die happily. We have had our H. F. and we realized \$129.10. This was good. Everybody took a pleasure in it. Henry Moore auctioned it off.—Robt. Smith, Adjt.

NEW WESTMINSTER.—We have had a farewell visit from Brigadier Howell, and we are now busy bringing the Self-Denial battle to a close. On account of the intense heat and the building schemes of other denominations the effort has been called for a hard fight.—M. Ayre, Adjt.

A Born Beggar.

MT. VERNON.—We reached our target of \$30 and we are now in the good when we consider the difficulties, bad roads, bad weather, besides the numerous Sanballats and Tobahs which we had to contend

against. However, as in Nehemiah's time, they have had their eyes opened now. Sergt. Buck, and other comrades, are now reaching their target. Lieut. Boyer is a born beggar, would make a fine Financial Special. The writer had an unpleasant experience while collecting—found himself a dog in three feet of water and five miles from home. He paddled through it as best he could and got home none the worse for his experience as a duck. Capt. B. Holston is home from Mother Morris' assistance in the meetings.—Lieut. R. Lauchlin.

MISSOULA.—Our hearts were glad in last Sunday evening's meeting. One precious soul. We are busy doing Self-Denial. We are determined to reach our target.—J. H. Frost, R. C.

VICTORIA. B. C.—Brigadier Howell has been, and gone. We are very sorry indeed to say good-bye. Our meetings are splendid and crowds good. Half far too small for Sunday night's meeting. Open-air still grand, even though the weather is not as we would like it at times. Capt. Dingle is over from Vancouver on visit.

Soldiers are going all over the place to get our target. Victoria is the place for giving. A splendid collection for the volunteers for the Transvaal, then the Mansion House Fund (\$500 in one night), then the orphanage at Westminster were helped, and now the Army's S.-D., and yet Victoria people give grandly and don't grumble. Go bless Victoria.—M. L.

NANAIMO.—We were glad to have Ensign Lester's valuable help for a few days. Capt. Krell and her A. D. C. was on the ground. Brigadier Howell gave a farewell meeting.—Bro. Lorimer.

KALISPELL.—Bro. Meskan, of Dillon, who bravely assisted us for a week, has far-welled. Thanksgiving service fine, also good collections. Our converts doing nicely. God continues to bless our meetings and in one of the saloons we were asked to sing two of the songs, while one of the men listened eagerly, and afterwards gave us a collection. Saturday night at 11 o'clock under the selling War Cry in the depot during train time, and people gladly buying them.—Lieut. Betts, for Capt. Perrenoud.

KAMLOOPS.—We have been having a series of specialties. "The Devil's and the Lord's table" was a success. Also our benefit entertainment, gave up to help a poor family in need. The most pleasing news we have received for some time was the official announcement of Lieut. Nesbitt's promotion to Captain.—Joe McGee, C. C.

NORTH-WEST.

33 Corps—7 Reports.

DEVIL'S LAKE.—Two souls of late have sought and found the Saviour. We have smashed our S.-D. target, with a little to the good, for which we praise God. Sergt. Major Johnston, from Gratton, is with us, and is quite a help with his hands and song.—Mrs. Wallace.

WINNIPEG.—Last Tuesday night six precious souls knelt at the penitent form, one on Saturday night, two on Sunday night, making a total of nine precious souls. Praise God! Still we are going in for this week, being Self-Denial Week.—Glad Nutt.

FARGO, N. D.—Lieut. Colonel Margotta with us last Sunday, also Ensign Stalgers, and officers from Valley City and Lisbon. Hall packed. Good meeting. A few souls have sought salvation. S.-D. target is all right.—M. H. S.

RAT PORTAGE.—Self-Denial Week brought a series of special meetings. Sunday, large crowds. Monday, enrolment of soldiers. Wednesday night, Mrs. Ensign Habirak gave an account of her short experience, which every one enjoyed. Thursday, temperance meeting; and Saturday, a big musical meeting, consisting of solos, vocal and instrumental, duets, trios, quartettes, and a lot of other things. One soul for the week.—M. E. H.

LETIBRIDGE.—The S.-D. effort has surpassed anything in the annals of this bridge. The officers and comrades worked unceasingly to over-reach the target: \$165 being the amount, including the Janitors' \$15. The

building scheme of the new barracks is well on foot, and in a short time we are believing to see it started. Sunday one brother came out for salvation. Two more comrades have been enrolled beneath the Flag.—Wm. Farrow, Cor.

JAMESTOWN, N. D.—God has been doing a real work in Jamestown during the past two weeks. Some have been converted, a good number sanctified, and several healed, of whom Bro. White is one. Bro. White is a soldier of Jamestown corps and has been a Christian for a number of years, was sanctified some ten years ago, but during the past three years has suffered with Bright's disease, and through Capt. Stokes was led to come to the Lord. He has been leaping and prancing God ever since. A young Baptist also, who is preparing for the ministry, and has for the past eight years been able to read only large print through very strong glasses, came out and accepted his eye-sight from the Lord, and from that evening has been able to read fine print without glasses. His eyes are perfectly healed. God is being honored, and souls are being saved.—A. L. T.

PRINCE ALBERT.—We rejoice over another soul saved. This we pray, is only the beginning of a grand revival.—G. M. Bartlett, R. C.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

48 Corps—4 Reports.

ST. JOHNS I. L.—Good meetings all through the week. Sunday we had with us Mrs. Brigadier Sharp and Adjt. Col. Dingle. A large meeting. Blessed time. Two souls in the fountain. We finished the day's fight with a hallelujah whin-up.—S. Morgan, for Capt. McLean.

TILT COVE.—Glorious meetings on Sunday, large crowds. Finished up with one soul in the fountain. Soldiers are all on fire.—I. Smart, R. C.

LITTLE RAY ISLAND.—Last Sunday night a large crowd gathered. Twelve soldiers are going in the bay until next June, schooner-building, timber-cutting, etc. Sergt. Major and War Cry Sergeant included.—Jim James, Capt.

ST. JOHNS I. L.—Had an enrolment last week, when some of our comrades took their stand under the dear old Self-Denial banner, our target.—B. Harris, Capt. C. Crew, Lieut.

After Fifteen Years' Warfare

SISTER RICHARDS GOES TO HER REWARD.

For something like fifteen years Sister Richards fought as a soldier in the ranks of the great S. A.—eight of these years were put in at Ray Roberts, the remaining seven at St. Johns I. Our departed comrade, the only one to have been a soldier of the Kingdom at heart, consequently her time was spent in active service. As long as her health would permit, she was to be found at the front doing her best to encourage the weak, help the feeble, and lead the strong to the Hood. That dreadful disease, consumption, had so taken hold of her frame that it was impossible for her to leave her bed for the last eight months. In visiting her, I always found her eyes and her other organs in peace. Her desire for living was that she might do more for her Master and poor lost souls. But He Who doeth all things well, willed it otherwise, and on Saturday, Nov. 25th, her end came. Truly we can say, "Her will be done." We buried her on the 27th. Adjt. Dowell assisted with the service. The memorial service was conducted on the following Sunday, by Mrs. Ensign Harris. Several of the comrades spoke of the soldier and triumphant death of our departed comrade, amongst them the husband of our comrade.

The prayers of our many comrades are for our loved brother (who is himself a soldier and dear little children.—Little McLean, Capt.

Some people continue to be offensive, even when conferring favors.

A man's prosperity can only be measured by its effects on his heart.



SEVEN DAYS' SYNOPSIS.

The Week's News Digested for Busy People.

Owing to the crowding of Christmas matter we were not able to insert any reports in our last issue. This will explain the odd nature of the news given below.—Signal success in the Self-Denial Week is reported all round. The Juniors at Ingersoll deserve special mention. Out of the corps total of \$150, they raised \$112.—The boomers of Kullspell are on the right lines, and their customers appreciate our paper. They were recently asked to sing from the Cry in a saloon, an inmate accompanying on the bar-room piano.—Another testimony to the opportunities of Cry selling comes from Glace Bay, where a man paid 50c. for a copy, on account of the Army's success in dealing with drunkards.—An interesting scene was witnessed at Lisgar St. on a recent Sunday night, when father, mother, and son knelt at the penitenti form.

EAST.

54 Corps—9 Reports.

ST. STEPHEN.—Since writing last four have been to the penitenti form, one for the blessing of a clean heart, two backsliders and one young man for salvation. God not only gave us victory in our S.-D. effort, but also one precious soul as the fruits of our labors.—Soldier.

SYDNEY, C. B.—We have captured, by God's help, two prisoners for our week's fighting. K. C. D. Hout.

CLARK'S HARBOR.—Inside of a week seven souls have found their way to the Cross, one a man well along in years, never made a profession before.—Lieut. L. Sharpsham, for Capt. Geo. Hudson.

WESTVILLE, N. S.—Major Pickering welcomed by the Rev. Mr. Cummings. Major gave an eloquent address on the Darkest England Scheme. Mr. Byers and Capt. Tudge and Lieut. Urquhart (the musical disciple) were present.—A. Hamilton.

HAMILTON, Ber.—Good meetings all day Sunday.—One Rev. Mr. Picketing welcomed by the fold again. We have had to say good-bye to some of our military comrades, who have been ordered elsewhere. We all felt sorry to have to part with them. Some of them have been laboring with us for two years. A new regiment (colored) have come to relieve them, and we have found saved comrades among them, some Salvationists. We had a number of them with us on the platform on Sunday.—A. Bryant.

HALIFAX, L. We are in the midst of the Self-Denial battle. The Lord is our helper, and with a united effort, we believe we shall not be found wanting. Grand holiness meeting on Friday night, when four souls sought the blessing of a clean heart and two souls for pardon (American fishermen). They went away happy in the love of Jesus. Good meetings on Sunday, one soul at night.—Treasurer Caslin.

CALAIS, Me.—In our S.-D. effort we have come out once more on the top. The comrades stood by us nobly during S.-D. week. Four souls sought and found pardon, also two more last

Sunday night. Crowds are better since the Commissioner's visit to Calais. Alma Goodwin, Capt.

ANNAPOLIS, N. S.—Since last report the meetings have been well attended. The best of order prevails. One soul out for salvation. Ensign Andrews with us for one good night's meeting. Ensign Elsbay and Capt. Newell are working hard for S.-D. target. The new Major is announced to be with us for grand revival meetings.—M. R. C.

GLACE BAY.—We have just finished our S.-D. Week, and have had a wonderful victory. The friends have all been very kind to us, but for down right liberal giving, your correspondent thinks the friends at Dominion can't be beat. May God bless them. During S.-D. Week four persons knelt at the penitenti form and professed sal-



Ensign and Mrs. L. H. Larder and Family.

Late of Glace Bay, C.B.

vation. Captain Thompson still continues to boom the War Cry. We never have any left for Sunday since he took hold of them. While out selling the other day he met a traveler who gave him 50c. for a Cry, and in refusing the change said, "Keep it for the good of the work. The S. A. has saved some wonderful drunkards in this town and in other towns that I know, and I always like to do anything I can to help them." Yours to conquer, Sergt.-Major.

EAST ONTARIO and QUEBEC

37 Corps—7 Reports.

PICTON, S.-D. all the go now. Missionary meeting Sunday, very interesting. War Cry meeting a success. Officers have over their S.-D. target.—Lillie DeWitt.

COBOURG.—Two precious souls have sought salvation and are getting along nicely. Our Self-Denial target is smashed to pieces. We had with us on Friday night Staff Capt. Inveritt and Ensign Hyde.—Lieut. M. Lang, for Capt. E. Comstock.

MONTREAL, L.—God has again blessed us with victory in the late S.-D. effort. Staff-Captain and Mrs. Taylor gave us a good start by conducting a blessed half-night of prayer. They also visited us on Self-Denial Sunday, conducting two meetings. All the week long these soldiers worked, at their different toil in the day-time and Self-Denial at night. The result of all is that we have hit our \$725 target, and this is only Dec. 5th and everything is cleared away. The band led the way and have brought in up to



Candidate Quist, Brother Martin, Sister Martoli, Of Glace Bay, C.B.

Brother White, of Jamestown, N.B.

date the sum of \$256. The Juniors followed them, and presented the sum of about \$210, which means that they have almost doubled their target set them by Provincial Headquarters. We had a beautiful day last Sunday, with four precious souls seeking salvation.—Adj. Goodwin.

BARIE.—On Nov. 30th death called away Sister Clark, after two short weeks of sickness. She was a faithful soldier. The funeral service was held at the house, conducted by Mrs. Ensign Sims. A large number of soldiers and friends were present to show their sympathy for the bereaved husband and relations. Sunday night we had the memorial service, and the comrades told of her faithfulness as a soldier, the example set to us in attending the meetings, etc.—Zacharias.

brought several dollars over our target.—N. R. Trickey, Lieut.

BARIE.—We reached our S.-D. target all right, and to Jesus we gave the glory. We had with us Ensign Burrows for Friday, Saturday, and Sunday last. The meetings were times of special blessing, 14 out for salvation and holiness.—Capt. Charlton, for Adj. Wiggins.

SIDNEY.—We have had another week of victory. Sunday was a glorious day. Soldiers on fire for God, and we closed with four souls for salvation. Others are under conviction.—M. Stephens, Capt., and J. McEman, Lieut.

UNBROIDGE.—Thursday night had "Drunkard's Home." Devil got mad. Friday night one sister returned to the place in the Army from whence she had fallen. Sunday, good reports. Reinforced by Bru and Sister Hamer, from Stouffville. Good meetings. Captured four of the enemy's people.—H. L. & F. Y. C. O's.

VOIKVILLE.—Sunday was a good day. At night the presence of God was felt by saint and sinner. Our hearts were cheered to see two young women, hand in hand, with flowing tears, walk to the penitenti form and tell their sorrows to the Saviour.—A. Rose.

ST. CATHARINES.—Since last report we have had a good snow-storm, a few days' sleighing, a thaw, and lots of mud again. On the spiritual side of things, we have had two weeks of beautiful thaws. One soul in the Fountain. God has helped us to 20 \$10 over our S.-D. target of \$160.—Lieut. E. Calvert, for Ensign and Mrs. Williams.

WEST ONTARIO.

58 Corps—8 Reports.

GUELPH, S.-D. was a glorious victory. It has made us better soldiers. God is blessing us with souls. Our hearts and hands are lit for further service.—Lieut. Thompson, for Capt. Hancock.

ST. THOMAS.—After cheer after cheer rung through the hall last Thursday night when Capt. Fell announced that our S.-D. target of \$150 had been reached. Sunday was a good day, big and rich at night, large crowd inside, one sister converted. Eleven souls since last report in Cry.—B. G.

BLENNHEIM.—Struck target of \$100 all right. We are all glad. The S.-D. Cry was a beauty, ahead of any previous numbers. We sold out our order.—Ira Groom.

STRATFORD.—Our S.-D. target was smashed to pieces. Everyone worked with a will. We are now arranging for a big Hallelujah Wedding. War Cry sold out every week, and we are marching on to victory.—H. Freeman.

NORWICH.—Praise God! Since last report we have had three volunteers for salvation. All are wanderers from the fold.—Lieut. Edwards, for Capt. Hoekin.

INGERSOLL.—People are getting saved and keeping saved. Crowds are better since cool weather. Collections and interest away up in G. simply grand. Then Self-Denial—\$150—our target was smashed. Juniors and helpers doing over \$112. Seniors and friends the remainder. Good for the youngsters.—M. K.

CENTRAL ONTARIO.

45 Corps—7 Reports.

LISGAR ST.—Sunday night was a night not to be forgotten. Nine souls cried to God for pardon. Father and mother, also son, weeding their way to the Cross. Hallelujah—Captain Matthews, for Adj. Scarr.

RIVERSIDE.—Our S.-D. campaign closed Sunday and Monday with the largest crowd at the meetings for months, each night the barracks being filled. The Ibbolson Musicians (including the renowned baby-drummer) were in evidence. Monday, Juniors' Jubilee and Coffee Lunch. Miss F. Pichhouse and Master Johnnie Mason, soloists, helped to make an A 1 affair. Captured two prisoners, several wounded. Galloping home meeting

All great ruins are but a name for greatness in ruins; and we shall see the magnitude of the structure in that of the ruin made by its fall. So it is with man. Our most venerable, though saddest, impressions of his greatness, as a creature, we shall derive from the magnificent ruin he displays.—Horace Bushnell.

HUSTLERS'

THE ONTARIO PROVINCES.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

90 Hustlers.

Sister Pearce, Temple	101
Capt. Dales, Lindsay	100
Ensign Williams, St. Catharines	75
Sister Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I.	75
Capt. Charlton, Barrie	70
Sister Mrs. Boybce, Ligar St.	70
Mrs. Ensign Wynn, Newmarket	70
Capt. Brant, Richmond St.	60
Capt. Poole, Dovercourt	60
Sister Mrs. Medlock, Temple	50
Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound	50
Lieut. Howcroft, Owen Sound	50
Capt. Culbert, North Bay	50
Lieut. Greavett, North Bay	50
Capt. Hanna, Aurora	45
Bro. Thos. Royer, Bracebridge	45
Mrs. Capt. McLeod, Collingwood	45
wood	45
Capt. Bowers, Menford	45
Lieut. Stickels, Menford	45
Capt. Stephens, Sudbury	45
Lieut. J. McLeod, Sudbury	45
Capt. Nelson, Brampton	45
Capt. Lott, Omece	43
Sergt. Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines	43
Adjt. Wiggins, Barrie	40
Adjt. Dixon, Temple	40
Lieut. Craig, Collingwood	38
Capt. Reinde, Orillia	38
Lieut. Cooper, Chesley	37
Capt. Sherwin, Huntsville	35
Lieut. Bone, Huntsville	35
Capt. Felling, Little Current	35
Lieut. Patterson, Little Current	35
Cadet Christopher, Lippincott	35
Lieut. Wadge, Yorkville	35
Capt. McLeod, Collingwood	35
Capt. Cornish, Collingwood	35
Sister Miss Galt, Yorkville	35
Capt. Meeks, Brockton	35
Sister Lightheart, Hamilton I.	30
Sister Bentley, Hamilton I.	30
Capt. Brooks, Kilmont	30
Capt. Connors, Dundas	30
Lieut. Calvert, St. Catharines	30
Capt. Darrach, Fenelon Falls	29
Capt. Gammalidge, Dundas	29
Cadet Pattedue, Lippincott	27
J. S. S. M. Porter, Uxbridge	27
Capt. Richmond, Uxbridge	27
Cadet Bishop, Temple	27
Cadet Marsell, Temple	25
Cadet Fennacy, Temple	25
Capt. Kivell, Parry Sound	25
Cadet Carley, Lippincott	25
Sister L. Taylor, Hamilton II	25
Capt. Wilson, Parry Sound	25
Capt. Capper, Faversham	25
Lieut. Edwards, Faversham	25
Bro. Knutson, Ligar St.	25
Cadet Plant, St. Catharines	23
Cadet Groombridge, Temple	22
Cadet Turner, Temple	22
Sister Mrs. Bowers, Ligar	22
Cadet Lamb, Lippincott	22
Cadet Hoole, Lippincott	22
Sister Mrs. Constance, Kilmont	22
Cadet Thompson, Lippincott	22
Cadet Leggett, Temple	21
Cadet McGregor, Temple	21
Bro. Stanton, Hamilton I.	21
Adjt. Moore, Hamilton I.	21
Sister Maud Wessler, Hamilton I.	20
Sergt. Matheson, Lippincott	20
Sister T. Gee, Hamilton II	20
Lieut. Bond, Hamilton II	20
Father Curry, Hamilton	20
Sergt. Mrs. Mayes, Bracebridge	20
Sister Maud Slater, Fenelon Falls	20
Sister Maud Glides, Fenelon Falls	20
Byro. Smith, Midland	20
Lieut. Slickel, Midland	20
Lieut. Jackson, Orangeville	20
Sister Mrs. Hunter, Newmarket	20
Sister Mrs. Bowerman, Newmarket	20
Sister Mrs. Julian, Dovercourt	20
Bro. P. Dault, Sudbury	20
Lieut. Richards, St. Catharines	20
Sister Susie Read, St. Catharines	20
Cand. M. Carden, Yorkville	20
Sister Kennedy, Yorkville	20

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

86 Hustlers.

Capt. Sitzer, Woodstock	225
Capt. Wyke, London	172
Lieut. Ringier, Windsor	172
Ensign Gamble, Brantford	135
S. M. Mrs. Kock, Chatham	150
Capt. Burrows, St. Thomas	125
Cand. Foster, Petrolia	112
Lieut. Hart, Simcoe	104
Capt. Hollett, Hespeler	75
Lieut. Crawford, Goderich	72
Lieut. Malsey, Wingham	67
Mrs. Capt. Freeman, Strathroy	67
Capt. Coe, Strathroy	62
Mrs. Schwartz, Galt	60
Amite Wright, Ingersoll	60
Sister Allan, Mitchell	60
Mrs. Wakefield, Forest	60
Ensign Sile, Dresden	60
Ensign Greep, Windsor	60
Mrs. Richards, Guelph	50
Lieut. Smith, Sarnia	55

Capt. Haley, Paris	55
Capt. Green, Stratford	55
Ensign McLeod, Galt	52
Capt. Freeman, Strathroy	51
Mrs. McLaughlin, Blenheim	50
Capt. Howcroft, Berlin	50
Ensign Scott, Wallaceburg	50
Ensign F. Erb, Berlin	48
Capt. Hancock, Guelph	47
Adjt. McAmmond, London	45
Capt. Hecker, Tilsonburg	45
Capt. Carr, Wyoming	42
Lieut. Thompson, Guelph	42
Lieut. Stickels, Berlin	41
Mrs. Adjt. McFar, Brantford	41
Adjt. McFar, Brantford	40
Sister Yocum, Hespeler	35
Sister Robillard, Chatham	35
Capt. Hockin, Norwich	35
Edna Smith, Guelph	35
Lieut. Cook, Tilsonburg	35
Capt. Yocum, Berlin	35
Mrs. Graham, Taverville	35
Mrs. Anderson, Watford	35
Cand. Whales, Leamington	35
Capt. Pryn, Dryton	35
Lieut. Beach, Ingersoll	35
Mother Cutting, John	35
Capt. Jarvis, Theford	31
Sister Groom, Blenheim	30
Lieut. Edwards, Norwich	30
Lieut. Winters, Palmerston	30
Lieut. Harman, Windsor	30
Lieut. Horwood, Wallaceburg	30
Sec. Mrs. Harris, London	30
Sergt. Palmer, London	30
Sister Close, Brantford	30
Mrs. Adjt. McAmmond, London	30
Mrs. Mrs. Collins, London	30
Sister Donnel, Galt	30
Sister Whales, Essex	25
Bro. Maynard, Paris	25
Mrs. Close, Brantford	25
Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll	25
Sister Sherris, Wallaceburg	25
Bro. Whitaker, Leamington	25
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	25
Sergt. Crafts, Chatham	25
Capt. Burton, Ingersoll	25
Capt. Darrach, Fenelon Falls	25
Lieut. Kitchen, Ridgetown	25
Capt. Mathers, Ridgetown	25
Capt. Dowell, Blenheim	20
S. M. Rose, Hespeler	20
Bro. Ensign McKenzie, Clinton	20
Capt. Beay, Windsor	20
Mrs. Hickins, St. Thomas	20
Capt. Coy, Essex	20
Capt. McDonald, Bothwell	20
Cadet Crawford, Paris	20
Mrs. Livens, Ingersoll	20
Adjt. Blackburn, Windsor	20
Bro. Christon, Dresden	20
Bro. Burns, Dresden	20
Capt. Huntington, Leamington	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

78 Hustlers.

Capt. Munford, St. Albans	199
Capt. Hicks, St. Albans	182
Lieut. Ludlow, Newport	126
Sergt. Mrs. Dudley, Ottawa	110
Ensign Stalger, Gananoque	101
Capt. Bloss, Prescott	100
Adjt. Kendall, Belleville	97
Capt. Brindley, Alton	90
Capt. Woods, Deseronto	88
Capt. Huxtable, Quebec	85
Lieut. Langford, Ottawa	81
Lieut. Ash, Morrisburg	81
Lieut. Yandus, Belleville	80
Capt. Young, St. Johnsbury	80
Capt. McNauey, St. Johnsbury	80
Mrs. Barber, Burlington	80
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	80
Capt. Birch, Brockville	79
Lieut. McEwan, Kempton	75
Sergt. Major Simons, Kingston	75
Mrs. Capt. Cart, Port Hope	70
Capt. Brown, Burlington	70
Treas. Gillian, Renfrew	70
Capt. Hicks, St. Albans	62
Capt. Randall, Pembroke	62
Capt. Fitcher, Annapolis	60
Capt. Stainforth, Cornwall	60
Capt. Bearchill, Tweed	60
Capt. French, Kingston	60
Ensign Ward, Kingston	60
Adjt. Ogilvie, Cornwall	58
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	58
Lieut. Norman, Millbrook	55
Capt. Grest, Trenton	55
Capt. Grest, Napanee	55
Capt. Grest, Cobourg	54
Lieut. Lang, Cobourg	50
Sergt. Richards, Montreal IV	50
Mark Spenceley, Peterboro	50
Bro. Shaver, Montreal I.	45
Capt. Pender, Montreal II	45
Capt. Magee, Campbellford	45
Lieut. Liddell, Campbellford	41
Mrs. Stone, Lakefield	40
Sergt. Major Mattice, Cornwall	40
Adjt. Montreal II	40
Capt. Green, Port Hope	40
Lieut. Croser, Napanee	35
Sergt. Downey, Kingston	37
Sergt. Dine, Kingston	37
Lieut. Newell, Peterboro	32
Capt. Peterboro, Peterboro I.	31
Sergt. Brown, Montreal I.	30
Bro. Moors, Montreal I.	30

Capt. Dawson, Coudouke	30
Lieut. Cook, Coudouke	30
Bro. Jandro, St. Johnsbury	30
Mrs. Capt. St. John, Perth	30
Sergt. Stanzel, Carleton Place	25
Sergt. Chillingworth, Montreal IV	25
Adjt. Goodwin, Montreal I.	25
Lieut. Almark, Belleville	23
Miss McCorkle, Ottawa	22
Capt. Slater, Renfrew	22
Dad Duggett, Trenton	20
Capt. Vance, Bloomfield	20
Capt. Mitchell, Sunbury	20
Ensign Terec, Montreal III	20
Maud Emmons, Ottawa	20
Sister Wile, Odessa	20
Nellie Med, Burlington	20
Sister Fraser, Montreal I.	20
Sister Nicholson, Montreal I.	20
Lizzie Berry, Quebec	20
Capt. Yake, Peterboro	20
Mrs. Green, Peterboro	20
Mrs. Wright, Peterboro	20
Mrs. Harrison, Peterboro	20

EAST vs. WEST.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

113 Hustlers.

P. S. M. Smith, Windsor	19
Sergt. Violett, Halifax II	137
Capt. Thompson, Glace Bay	131
Sister Ellis, Charlottetown	120
Adjt. Byers, New Glasgow	110
B. Lorry, Canada	110
Servt. White, Campbellton	110
Capt. J. Bowring, Westville	100
S. Malsey, St. John I.	100
Sergt. McQuinn, Moncton	100
E. White, Campbellton	98
Cadet Laidlaw, St. John	95
Cadet McLennan, St. John I.	97
Sergt. Pike, Houlton	82
Ensign Parsons, Yarmouth	82
Lieut. Lebas, Stellarton	81
Capt. Thelge, New Glasgow	77
Lieut. True, St. John	70
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	70
Sec. Churchill, Woodstock	66
Lieut. Trafford, Digby	65
Lieut. Violett, Houlton	64
Capt. Allen, Houlton	62
Sergt. Connor, Halifax I.	60
Capt. Lamont, Halifax I.	60
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III	60
P. S. M. Warren, Charlottetown	60
Adjt. Francis, Moncton	60
Lieut. True, St. John	60
Adjt. MacNamara, Charlottetown	58
Adjt. Magee, North Sydney	58
Cadet Rogers, St. John I.	56
Lieut. Marthorough, Fairville	55
Capt. Percy, Fredericton	55
V. Lebas, Fredericton	55
Lieut. Smith, Truro	55
M. Deskin, North Head	54
Cadet Cameron, Canning	51
N. Allen, Liverpool	52
Lieut. Penaberton, Amherst	50
Capt. Clark, Amherst	50
Ensign Knight, Woodstock	50
Lieut. Winchester, St. Stephen	50
Capt. Lawes, St. Stephen	50
Sergt. Connor, Halifax I.	50
Ensign McDonald, St. John	50
Sergt. Major Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Mrs. Maybce, Charlottetown	50
Lieut. McKie, Newcastle	50
Sergt. Lyons, Fredericton	50
Capt. Clark, Charlton	49
Lieut. Kirk, St. John	49
Capt. Moore, Bridgewater	49
Ensign Wright, St. John III	45
Capt. Ritchie, Springhill	45
M. C. Ferguson, Pictou	45
Capt. Goodrich, Pictou	45
W. Cowan, Caledonia	45
E. McDonald, Springhill	45
A. Eames, Bridgetown	44
Capt. Perry, North Sydney	44
Sergt. Crozier, St. John V.	44
Capt. Wilson, Charlottetown	42
Capt. Brown, Halifax II	40
Capt. Perry, North Sydney	40
S. M. Perry, St. John III	40
Sec. Pike, St. John III	40
F. Shea, Woodstock	40
Sergt. Long, Summerside	39
Sister Salter, Windsor	38
Sister Burgess, Halifax I.	36
Mrs. A. J. McGillivray, Fredericton	36
Lizzie James, St. John III	36
Mrs. Larder, Chatham	35
Lieut. Taylor, Halifax II	35
Lieut. Lebb, Hampton	35
Sergt. Elsie, Canning	35
Lieut. Lebas, Fredericton	34
Fanny Adams, St. John V.	34
L. Smith, Halifax	32
M. East, Lunenburg	31
G. Dyer, Sydney	30
Sergt. Mrs. Olive, Charlton	30
Sergt. Aldrich, New Glasgow	30
Sergt. Pettis, New Glasgow	30
Sister MacNeil, Summerside	30
Sergt. MacNeil, Digby	30
E. Kent, Bear River	30

No Change in the Situation

TORONTO SAFE, AND THE BOMBARDMENT FRUITLESS.

MAJOR PICKERING AHEAD

Has Major Southall Some Fell Design?

By ERNEST ENTERPRISE.

THE ONTARIO COMPETITION.

Central Ontario Province - - 90

West Ontario Province - - 86

East Ontario Province - - 78

For two long weeks have the besieged forces in Toronto been bombarded, and many sorties have taken place in the hope of reducing the garrison, but at the time of writing, the Toronto forces are more than holding their own. The troops are reported in good spirits and well provisioned.

The latest official returns indicate that the three armies are of nearly equal strength. It speaks much for the bravery of the Central Ontario troops that they are able to hold out so well, and maintain their advanced position.

Tales of individual bravery are numerous. Captain Sitzer, of Woodstock, in the West Ontario ranks, and Capt. Munford and Cadet Hicks, of St. Albans, East Ontario force, have displayed conspicuous gallantry. Their sales of 225, 193, and 192, respectively, have commanded the admiration of all.

Many other instances of daring, though, perhaps, not so prominent as these three, are coming to light. A faithful record of these matters is being kept, and when the rewards are handed out, all worthy fighters will be suitably recognized.

THE "EAST vs WEST" COMPETITION.

Eastern Prov. 113 N.-W. - - 53

Pacific - 36

Nfld. - - 14

Klondike - 4

Totals, - 113 107

Bravo, Major Pickering! You have managed to land in first place again this week, with a margin of 6. I can "margin" how pleased you and your troops will be!

It will be all the more relished when you look back to those days when things were different. I must not fail to remind you, however, that you must keep jogging ahead. Your opponents are no triflers.

And my need of praise is due to Major Southall, with his 53 North-West boomers. You are surely not bent on bruising the North-West up to the West Ontario standing, are you, Major? Now, surely not. Please don't, for what will Major Pickering do?

The Pacific is rising, I don't think! 35 Hustlers, as a lot return from our brothers and sisters in the far West. They have done ever so much better. Beat the record, comrades, and do it quick.

Capt. LeFord, who so faithfully records the Dawson City sales, says: "First snow storm on October 12th. River running yet. Boats laying up. A Merry Christmas. God bless you all!" And God bless you all, my we. May your Dawson winter be lively and pleasant by one continual round of victory.

Capt. Armstrong, North Head ..	30
Capt. Fancey, Hillsboro ..	25
Sergt. Conrad, Summerside ..	25
Cadet Newell, Annapolis ..	25
B. Rogers, North Head ..	25
Bro. Craig, Newcastle ..	25
Bro. Maltby, Newcastle ..	25
B. Sharpnam, Windsor ..	25
Ensign Sabine, Summerside ..	25
Mrs. Squires, Springfield ..	25
Lieut. Maiten, North Head ..	25
Mrs. Englund, Chatham ..	25
A. Rowe, Fredericton ..	24
Capt. Muttart, Bear River ..	22
M. Wilson, Halifax ..	22
Lieut. Melvor, Bridgetown ..	21
Treas. Casbin, Halifax ..	21
M. Beatty, Fredericton ..	20
Mrs. Warren, Houlton ..	20
M. E. Day, Glace Bay ..	20
Lieut. Nettling, Liverpool ..	20
Capt. Green, Sussex ..	20
Lah Round, Summerside ..	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

53 Hustlers.

Cadet Giles, Winnipeg ..	111
Cadet Muttart, Winnipeg ..	110
Sister A. Cook, Fargo ..	76
Capt. Meyers, Calgary ..	68
Lieut. Cook, Brandon ..	68
Cadet McKee, Winnipeg ..	66
Capt. E. Anderson, Jamestown ..	66
Mrs. Westcott, Portage la Prairie ..	65
Capt. McKay, Devil's Lake ..	65
Cadet Hardy, Port Portage ..	60
Capt. Clark, Moskau ..	60
Sister Kelly, Fargo ..	58
Lieut. Lenwick, Victoria ..	58
Capt. Livingston, Fort William ..	54
Bro. Harvey, Valley City ..	54
Sister A. Terrill, Grattan ..	52
Lieut. E. Custer, Carmen ..	50
Sister Minnie Lewis, Carmen ..	50
Capt. Woodworth, Free Albert ..	50
Capt. Cayser, Edmonton ..	50
Lieut. Potter, Edmonton ..	50
Lieut. D. Custer, Carberry ..	50
Capt. Blodgett, Grand Forks ..	50
Mrs. Capt. Gilliam, Minot ..	50
Lieut. Forsberg, Fort William ..	50
Mrs. Adjt. Bradley, Port Arthur ..	50
Capt. H. Habrick, Emerson ..	50
Lieut. Wilcox, Prince Albert ..	50
Lieut. Engdahl, Emerson ..	50
Mrs. Capt. Vilnius, Morden ..	50
Lieut. Emberton, Minnedosa ..	50
Ensign Dean, Grand Forks ..	50
Sergt. M. Chapman, Winnipeg ..	50
Capt. Bauson, Calgary ..	50
Lieut. Hagen, Brandon ..	50
Capt. Campbell, Port Arthur ..	50
Capt. LeDrew, Carberry ..	50
Capt. Cromarty, Selkirk ..	50
Capt. Brander, Lisbon ..	50
Capt. Smith, Laramore ..	50
Lieut. Draper, Laramore ..	50
Cadet Ferguson, Lisbon ..	50
Cadet Bristow, Rat Portage ..	50
Sergt. Mrs. Johnston, Selkirk ..	50
Treas. Mrs. St. Johns, Minnedosa ..	50
Sergt. Meron, Lethbridge ..	50
Sergt. S. Chapman, Bismarck ..	50
Bro. Pilecam, Grattan ..	50
Cadet Moore, Carmen ..	50
Sergt. Johnson, Winnipeg ..	50
Capt. Westcott, Portage la Prairie ..	50
Sister Harckness, Carberry ..	50

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

36 Hustlers.

Sergt. Glend, Butte ..	2
Cadet Johnson, Spokane ..	1
Mrs. Capt. Brown, Anacoda ..	1
Sister Smith, Roseland ..	1
Sister Ada, Victoria ..	1
Mrs. Adjt. Hays, Billings ..	1
Mrs. Ekford, Vancouver ..	94
Capt. Maimle Ziebart, New Whatcom ..	90
Lieut. Maud Patterson, Victoria ..	85
Mrs. Adjt. A. Westcott ..	85
Mrs. Noble, Revelstoke ..	78
Lieut. Long, Roseland ..	75
Capt. Krell, Nanaimo ..	69
Capt. Walruth, Missoula ..	67
Capt. Noble, Spokane ..	60
Bro. Moody, Vancouver ..	60
Lieut. Floyd, Dillon ..	57
Capt. Perrenoud, Kallispell ..	55
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Livingston ..	55
Adjt. Stevens, Helena ..	55
Capt. Miller, Helena ..	54
Capt. Scott, Helena ..	52
Lieut. Woodruff, Nelson ..	50
Lieut. Betts, Kallispell ..	45
Lieut. Covey, Nanaimo ..	41
Mrs. Adjt. Belle, Victoria ..	40
Sister Mary Vehn, Butte ..	40
Capt. Southall, Missoula ..	38
Cadet Boyver, Mt. Vernon ..	37
Ensign Cummings, Revelstoke ..	34
Capt. Beaumont, Kamloops ..	30
Capt. Eberard, Lewiston ..	30
Sister A. Mortimer, Victoria ..	30
Capt. Jackson, Livingston ..	23
Lieut. Nesbitt, Kamloops ..	22
Lieut. Salut, Lewiston ..	20

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

14 Hustlers.

Cadet Ludlow, St. Johns ..	60
Cadet E. Clarke, St. Johns ..	50
Cadet Knight, St. Johns ..	30
Cadet Sexton, St. Johns ..	30
Sister Newell, St. Johns ..	30
Cand. Skinner, St. Johns ..	20
Sergt. Mrs. Cousens, St. Johns ..	20
Sergt. Mrs. Cook, St. Johns ..	20
Sergt. Mrs. Peidel, St. Johns ..	20
Sergt. Bessie Hiscok, St. Johns ..	20
Cadet Tiller, St. Johns ..	20
Sergt. M. Childs, St. Johns ..	20
Leader Smart, Tilt Cove ..	04
Capt. James, Grand Bank ..	20

KLONDIKE EXPEDITION.

4 Hustlers.

Lieut. Alkon, Dawson City ..	350
Mrs. Adjt. McGill, Skagway ..	80
Adjt. McGill, Skagway ..	65
Sister Mrs. Smith, Skagway ..	40

Stah-Captain Manton Visits Brantford.

For some time previous to Saturday, December 2nd, Brantford corps had been looking forward to a week-end visit from our old friend, Staff-Capt. Manton. Announcements had all been made, and all were full of expectation for an enjoyable time. And were we disappointed, do you ask? Well, no, decidedly no. The reception on Saturday night was good and bespoke for all a time of blessing during the series of meetings to be held, the Spirit of God being left right from the beginning.

Sunday, however, eclipsed everything in the way of old-time Salvation

over, soon had a refreshing meal ready, after which I commenced with the duties demanding my attention. Our congregations at this place were not large, but God met with us and helped us to win three souls for Him during the week-end.

Lieut. Greavett, going on the S.-D. mission, accompanied me to Sturgeon Falls, where I conducted two meetings—one in the Methodist Church and a lantern meeting in the hall. Although it was a wet night, we had a large crowd at the latter meeting, and an income of over \$10 at the door.

We have no corps in this town, but there are a few of our soldiers, Mrs. Tolson, of the G. B. M. Agent, in one of them, and takes a deep interest in her special work. She has made up her mind to leave Bracebridge Agents in the rear, and came within one of doing so in her recent collection. Just one step behind you, Bracebridge. Will you allow her to pass? Echo from Bracebridge L. A.'s, "No, never!"

Who has not heard of Sudbury, with its copper and nickel mines? The miners are a proper class of people, who have plenty of love and sympathy for the S. A. Capt. Stephens had made good arrangements for the meetings, which were very successful in every sense of the word.

At Mount Nickel mine the miners, after working all day in the mine, went to work in the evening and labored until 4 a.m. at their large dining hall, in order to have it presentable for on service at night. May God bless them for such practical appreciation of our humble service.

There is a large G. B. M. box in the day school at Stobie Mine, into which the school children put a goodly number of coppers each quarter. God will reward the boys and girls who give to comfort others who are less fortunate.

Miss G. Porter, the L. A. of Sudbury, has enrolled, with three other recruits, in the occasion of my visit. She will be surprising some of the L. A.'s in finger ceps in the G. B. M. line if she keeps marching on as at present. She hears much of the L. A. at Sturgeon Falls, but no doubt has made up her mind that if Bracebridge is going to be left in the rear by Mrs. L., she will see to it that Sudbury will lead the way in the Northern District. Who knows but what Sister P. will be the champion L. A. of the Northern Section?

The Agents at Copper Cliff and Stobie do well with their boxes this quarter. I had much joy in having dinner and spending a little time with Sergt.-Major and Mrs. Jacobs, of Parkersville. These dear comrades are a long distance from any corps, but they are as much on fire for God and souls as ever.

Adjt. Cameron and Capt. Richmond, of Bracebridge, gave me much encouragement for the week-end meetings, in which I had been anxious to conduct at this corps, and their faith and hard labor were unmistakably rewarded, for after heavy firing during the three engagements of the Sunday, we had the joy of counting thirteen souls in all, for salvation and holiness. We finished the campaign by passing single-file around our battle-ground, when some of the comrades got shouting happy.

The cold weather, or the African war, or something else has seriously affected our L. A.'s in B.—, for I lost some ground in the recent G.B.M. contest; but I hear the next quarter is going to be an eye-opener for some of the other agents who blame that B.— is asleep. To this I say Amen.

There were counter attractions in Gravenhurst on the occasion of my visit to that corps, but notwithstanding this we had a grand crowd and a splendid meeting. Mrs. Glover, the L. A., found it necessary to give up her G. B. M. work as she expected to go away from town, so the officers are having an oversight of the work present. Every hope is entertained for an improvement in the G. B. M. work there, as a number of new boxes have been placed out in some of the leading stores.

A rather unpleasant sensation was felt on the cab in which we were riding went into the ditch several times en route to Itana, an Indian village some seven miles from Orillia, for as it was a very dark night our comrade, the driver, could not see the road. We arrived safely, however, and had a good meeting, put out six G.B.M. boxes, appointed an L. A. pro tem, and came home feeling much better for our trip.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; and, as far as possible, send wronged women and children, or any one in difficulty. Address Commissioner Evangeline Booth, 16 Albert St., Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

Officers, Soldiers and Friends are requested to look regularly through this column and to notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First insertion.)

CAMPBELL, JOSEPH. Age 60 years, medium size, black hair, dark eyes and complexion. Last known address, Yorkville, North Toronto. Will and daughter in England anxious to find him.—Address Enquiry, Toronto.

LIFE. MARY. Age 35, former house in the village of Hayden, Darrington Township, Ont. Last heard of seven years ago at St. Vincent Street, Toronto. Sister Eliza, now Mrs. Saunders, anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

RAFFELLE, ROBERT. Age 50, dark hair, blue eyes, pale complexion. By trade a saddler. Last known address, Crow's Nest Pass Railroad, R. C. Wife anxious for news. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

TURPIN, SIDNEY. Fair complexion, blue eyes, light hair, height 5 ft., weight about 200 lbs. When heard from, two years ago, was in Victoria, B. C. Sister enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

DESNOYER, J. J. DR. Blue eyes, hair turning grey, white whiskers, age 60 years, height 5 ft. 9 in. Last known address, Salmon River, Digby, N. S., in 1898. Friends anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

BANKS, HARRY. Any particulars regarding his decease in Dawson City. Widow enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

DOLLETT, EDWARD. Left Halifax about 30 years ago. A Newfoundland. Sister Jessie enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

ZIEGERS, Y. H. M. Last known address, Dresden. Friends in old land enquire. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

ANDERSON, JOHN S. Fair complexion, light hair, blue eyes, 5 ft. 6 in. in height. Last heard of in Neepawa, Man. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

ALLEN, JAMES W. Age 65, dark complexion, height 5 ft. 6 in., long beard, partly grey. An Australian. Last heard of in Seattle Hospital. Wife anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

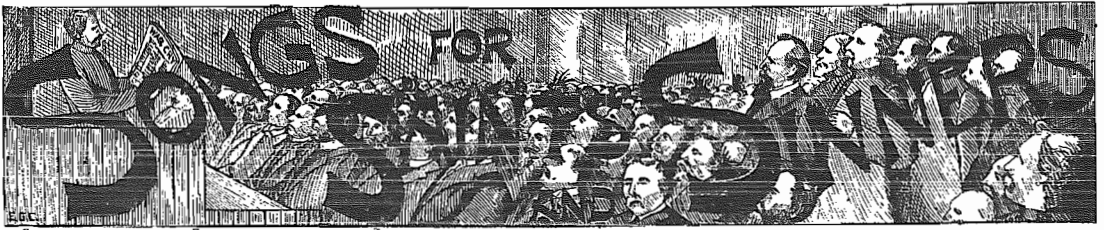
(Second insertion.)

HARGEST BRYAN. Left home, at Sherbrooke, Quebec, in November, U. S. A., seeking employment, in November, '98. Not heard of since. Occupation tinsmith, age 21, height 5 ft. 5 in., stout build, blue eyes, fair. Reward offered by his parents for any news of his present address. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

GROSS, LIZZIE. Last known address 312 Jarvis St., Toronto. Was taking a course in book-keeping in some college. Friends in England anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

WILSON, JAMES HERBERT. Age 34 years, height 5 ft. 9 in., light hair, blue eyes. Last heard from in '98 at North Groyden, Ont. May be in Klondike. English friends anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.





Lord, Sanctify Me.

Tunes.—Praise (B.J. 143); or, Come, brethren dear (B.B. 9).

1 Now, Saviour, see me at Thy feet,
Lord, to my heart this moment speak,
As in the dust I kneel.
I want deliverance from sin,
I want Thy glory to come in,
I want Thy power to feed.

Now to the Cross myself I bring,
Here I give up each sinful thing.
I will, O Lord, be Thine!
Just here and now the Cleansing Flow
Deth wash my heart as white as snow,
And Thou art fully true.

Come, blessed Master, dwell with me,
Come, and my heart shall ever be
Thy constant dwelling-place.
Come, and the works of sin destroy,
Bring in the peace, and love, and joy.
And Thine own righteousness,
Dennis Clarke, Haddenhorn.

A Holy Life Demanded.

Tunes.—When I survey; Ernan
(B.J. 221); Boston (B.J. 197).

2 He wills that I should holy be;
That holiness I long to feel;
That full Divine conformity
To all my Saviour's righteous will.

On Thee, O Lord, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove Thy utmost will;
The promise, of Thy mercy made,
Thou canst, Thou wilt, in me fulfill.

Thy loving Spirit, Lord, alone,
Can lead me forth, and make me free;
Burst every bond through which I groan,
And set my heart at liberty.

Now let Thy Spirit bring me in;
And give Thy servant to possess
The land of rest from labored sin,
The land of perfect holiness.

Lord, I believe Thy power the same,
The same Thy truth and grace en-
dure;
And in Thy blessed hands I am,
And trust Thee for a perfect cure.

Come, Saviour, come, and make me whole,
Entirely all my sin remove;
To perfect health restore my soul,
To perfect holiness and love.

My Heart is Fixed.

Tunes.—Better world (B.J. 11); Will
you go? (B.B. 13); We're travel-
ling (B.B. 7); Christ for me (B.J.
308); What's the news? (B.J. 12).

3 My heart is fixed, Eternal God,
Fixed on Thee;
And my unchanging choice is made.
Christ for me!
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King,
Who did for me salvation bring.
And while I've breath I mean to sing,
Christ for me!

Let others boast of heaps of gold,
Christ for me!
His riches never can be told,
Christ for me!
Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honors perish in a day;
My portion never can decay,
Christ for me!

In pining sickness, or in health,

Christ for me!
In deepest poverty, or wealth,
Christ for me!

And in that all-important day,
When I the call of death obey,
And pass from this dark world away,
Christ for me!

Now, who can sing my song and say,
"Christ for me—
My life and truth, my light and way,
Christ for me?"
Then here's my heart, and here's my
hand,
We'll form a brave salvation band,
And shout aloud throughout the land,
"Christ for me!"

We'll Shine Like Stars.

Tunes.—We'll march through the
world (B.J. 78, 1); We'll light till
Jesus comes (B.J. 33, 2); Bright
for evermore (B.J. 53, 2); Now He
sets me free (B.J. 18, 3).

4 I am a soldier of the Cross,
A follower of the Lamb;
I will not fear to own His cause,
Nor blush to speak His fame.

Chorus.

Let us march through the world
With the Fire and the Blood;
Lord, the power and the glory are
Thine;
When we've turned guilty sinners
By millions to God,
Like stars in the heavens we'll shine.

I'll not go slinging to the skies
And living at my ease,
While others miss the heavenly prize
And die of sin's disease.

The foes of truth and man I'll face,
And bring them to the Blood;
I'll change the world, by Jesus' grace,
And conquer it for God.

Yes, I will fight, and Christ shall reign;
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toll, and victory gain,
For Thou hast given the word.

Salvation the Best Thing.

Tune.—Oh, the Blood of Jesus cleanses
white as snow (B.J. 19).

5 Oh, sinner, listen to the Voice that's
calling you to-day!
'Tis Jesus, Lamb of Calvary, who
bids you come away.
Come, bring your load of sin, and you
with us will sing:
"Salvation is the best thing in the
world!"

Chorus.

Salvation is the best thing in the
world! Praise the Lord!
Salvation is the best thing in the
world! Praise the Lord!
Come, bring your load of sin, and you
with us will sing:
"Salvation is the best thing in the
world!"

Oh, won't you come? There still is
room for every sinner here,
And Christ our Captain's in command
—there's nothing now to fear,
Oh, try His wondrous love, and you
with us will prove
Salvation is the best thing in the
world!

Come, make a start, give God your
heart, and make no more delay;
You never will regret the step; He'll
help you day by day.
He'll give you perfect peace, and joys
which never cease—
Salvation is the best thing in the
world!
J. W. S. Hodgson, Wood Green.

Prepare Me!

Tunes.—Prepare me (B.J. 2, 3); Sacred
hope (B.J. 37, 3) (And Sing Strong);
He will wash you (B.J. 189, 3);
Give me a heart (B.J. 60, 7); Jesus
now is passing by (B.J. 108, 2);
Just like Him (B.J. 192, 1); My

sins are under the Blood (B.J. 27,
3); Open and let the Master in
(B.J. 52, 1).

6 Your garments must be white as
snow,
Prepare to meet your God!
For to His throne you'll have to go.
Prepare to meet your God!

Chorus.

Prepare me, prepare me, Lord,
Prepare me to stand before Thy
Throne.

Get rid of every stain of sin,
Prepare to meet your God!
You must God's great salvation win.
Prepare to meet your God!

Prepare me now, prepare me here,
To stand before Thy Throne;
That I, without a doubt or fear,
May stand before Thy Throne!

Lord, cleanse my heart, and make me
pure,
To stand before Thy Throne;
My pride, and self, and temper cure,
To stand before Thy Throne.

blessed thought and fact that Christ
is our choice for time and eternity.
Hallelujah!

Our interest in the war in Canada
has never wavered, our thoughts oft
turn to the scenes of our old battle-
field, and we rejoice over the success-
ful onward march of the Blood-and-
Fire Flag, and pray that greater vic-
tories may be won for the Kingdom
and our Christ—Yours in His love,
Harry and Maggie Connitt, Staff-
Captains.

BRIGADIER GASKIN

And Headquarters' String Band at
Yorkville.

The forces at Yorkville were supple-
mented on Sunday, Dec. 10th, by the
above specialists. Capt. Rose and Lieut.
Wadge were well pleased with the
results, and so were the soldiers and
friends. The morning and afternoon
meetings were well attended, and
much good resulted. At night the hall
was full. After a hard pull, and a
well-sustained prayer meeting, we
were glad to see three at the Cross,
a backslidden mother who brought
her baby with her. The Brigadier
united the Yorkville folks for doing
well in the S.-D. effort. The music
and singing by the members of the
band added to the enjoyment of the
day's services.

A Barre Comrade Crosses the River.

Another comrade has dropped the
sword and taken up the crown. Sister
Clark was faithful until
death, and
now is wear-
ing the crown
of life. Just
before day-
break, on Nov.
30th, our sister
passed away.
Mrs. Ensign
Sims conduct-
ed the funeral service, which was at-
tended by a large crowd. Nearly
every soldier was present, many of
them testifying to the good life of our
orified comrade. Ensign Parker
inducted the memorial service on the
following Sunday evening.—E. R. S.

Whereabouts of Financial Specialists.

ADJT. WISEMAN.

Toronto, Thurs., Dec. 28, to Wed.
Jan. 3.

ENSGN OTTAWAY.

Winnipeg, Thurs., Dec. 28, to Wed.
Jan. 3.

ENSGN HODDINOTT.

Paris, Thursday, Dec. 28.
Branford, Fri., Sat. and Sun., Dec.
29, 30, 31.
Simcoe, Mon. and Tues., Jan. 1, 2.
Tilsonburg, Wednesday, Jan. 3.

ENSGN PERRY.

Medicine Hat, Thursday, Dec. 28.
Moos Jaw, Fri., Sat. and Sun., Dec.
29, 30, 31.

ENSGN STAIGERS.

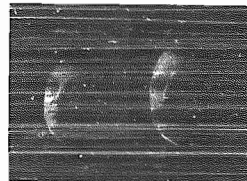
Vancouver, Thursday, Dec. 28.
New Westminster, Fri., Sat. and Sun.
Dec. 29, 30, 31.
Nanaimo, Mon., Tues. and Wed., Jan.
1, 2, 3.

ENSGN ANDREWS.

Bermuda, Thursday, Dec. 28, to Wed-
nesday, Jan. 3.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of
the Salvation Army, printed and
published by John M. C. Horn,
8 A. Printing House, 15 Albert
Street, Toronto.

A MESSAGE FROM TWO OLD COMRADES.



Staff-Captain and Mrs. Connott,
Two well-known former Canadian Officers now in
California.

Time flies fast! It is just eight
years since we crossed the border line
—bade good-bye to the Land of the
Mistle Leaf and Beaver, to fight 'neath
the Army Flag in the Land of the
Stars and Stripes. They have indeed
been eight years of blessed victories,
and at this season we would raise our
Ebenezer and say, "Hitherto the Lord
bath helped us," and rejoice in the